

Thomas Fox.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD. NEW SERIES. THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 525.—VOL. VI. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865. PRICE 3D.—STAMPED 4D.

MR. COBDEN.

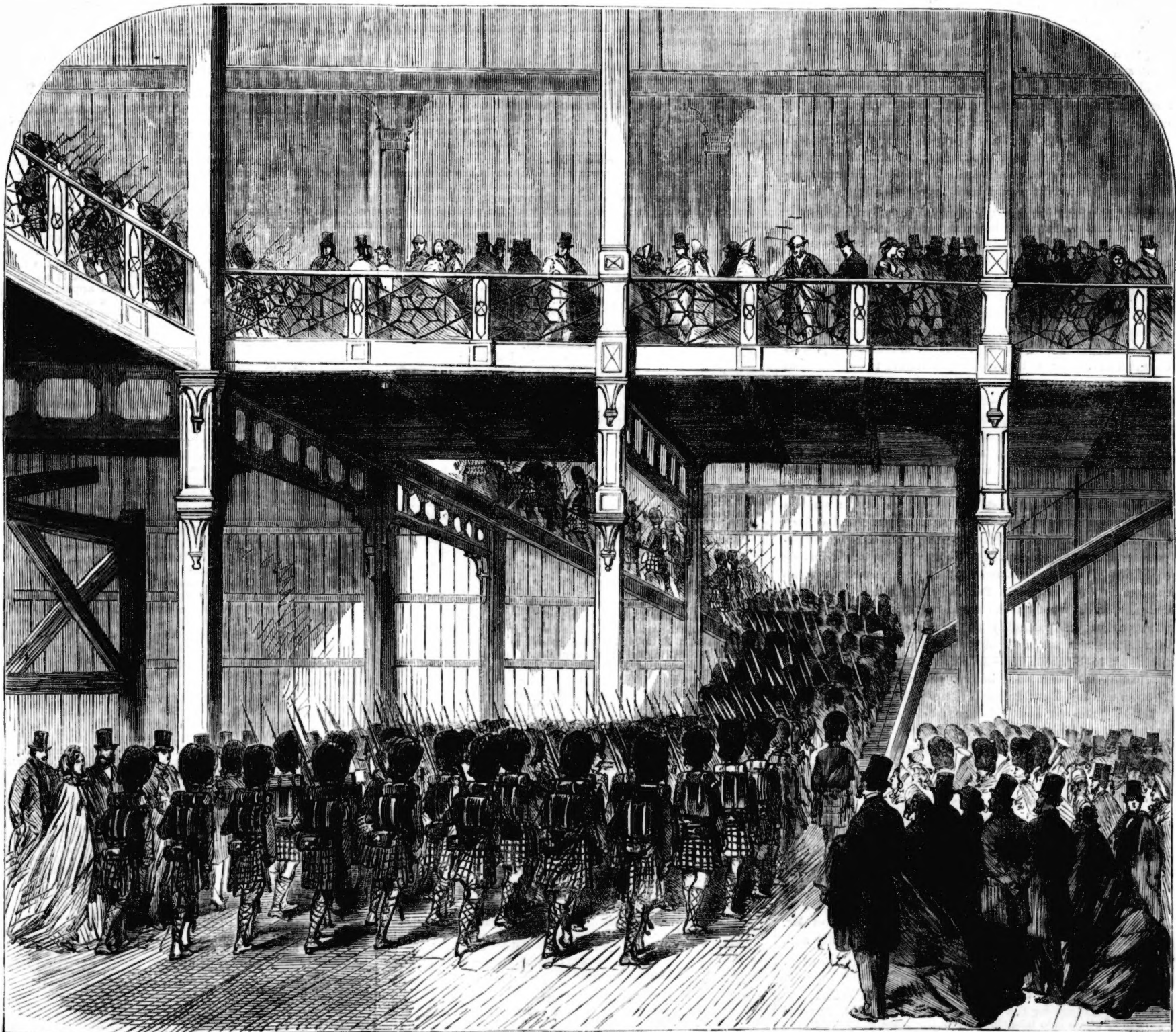
THE death of the distinguished economist and politician who has just passed from among us has caused unspeakable regret in England, and has also been deeply felt abroad, and in no country so much as in France, which indeed owes to Mr. Cobden the restoration of the Anglo-French alliance through commerce at the very time when political events seemed to have brought it to an end. Our debt to him is of course infinitely greater than that of any foreign nation; but all Europe derived benefit from his economic teaching, and may also have profited by his constant denunciations of war, which, next to "Protection," he hated more than anything in the world.

We do not know whether Mr. Cobden was ever formally enrolled as a member of the Peace Society; but he, to a great extent, shared the views of that body. He held, in common with many educated men of the present day, that much of

the fighting of the last century might have been avoided, and he certainly did good by deprecating, on all possible occasions, the old idea that when any two nations of the Continent were engaged in hostilities it was absolutely necessary for the dignity of England to declare for one side or the other. He was opposed to all wars undertaken with a view to possible contingencies and for the sake of remote interests. If the Russians invaded Turkey it was not our business, according to Mr. Cobden's view, to defend the Turks, and to waste English money in propping up a Power sure, sooner or later, in spite of all our assistance, to break down. To his eminently practical mind the notion of sacrificing lives by hundreds of thousands, and money by millions, with a view to the preservation of our communications with India, which, even if the Russians held all Turkey in their possession, might never be intercepted, seemed little short of absurd. The scheme, favoured by all Governments that have existed

in England since the great Navarino mistake, of supporting Turkey, and at the same time compelling the Turks to make concessions to their Christian subjects—so that, in due time, the latter may, by their numbers, intelligence, and wealth, obtain a preponderating influence in the direction of Turkish affairs—appeared to Mr. Cobden illusory; the only thing certain in it being that, by persisting in our policy of feeding up and protecting the "sick man," we should again involve ourselves in one of those costly and destructive wars of which the Eastern question threatens to be so prolific.

Mr. Cobden had no higher opinion of the Turks than is entertained by the majority of people. We are accustomed, however, for the most part, in England to look upon the Turkish empire as a necessary evil. Mr. Cobden regarded it as an unnecessary evil, and to those who maintain that it must somehow or other exist, might have replied, in the words of the French Judge to the criminal who used the same



THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: TESTING THE STRENGTH OF THE BUILDING.

argument, "*qu'il n'en voyait pas la nécessité.*" As all the friends of Turkey, with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Mr. Urquhart as their chief representatives, hate Russia and love to alarm Europe with tales of Russian designs, so the enemies of Turkey are naturally favourable to Russia, and will not hear her spoken of as a semi-barbarous and aggressive Power. In a pamphlet published anonymously under the title of "*Russia, by a Manchester Manufacturer,*" Mr. Cobden, with remarkable boldness and originality, attacked the opinions generally entertained on the subject of that empire, its form of government, and its alleged projects for encroaching upon the territory of its neighbours. He proved that if Poland had been destroyed the Poles, at least, were not without their faults, and that whatever Russia might have done in former times she had annexed no territory in Europe since 1815. He also showed that Russian commerce was capable of great development, and argued that as Russia improved her commercial relations with the west of Europe she would gradually lose her old invasive tastes. This was undoubtedly the best part of the book; and when, many years afterwards, Mr. Cobden visited St. Petersburg he was able to convince himself that his economic teaching had not been without effect, even in the capital of Russia, where the most distinguished writers and professors invited him to a grand banquet in recognition of his high merits as the advocate of free-trade principles.

If it was our interest to maintain pacific relations with the European States, Mr. Cobden held that it was more than our interest, and more than our ordinary duty, to keep at peace with America. Next to civil war, no war is so much to be deprecated as a war between Englishmen and Americans; and this not only for such moral and sentimental reasons as at once present themselves, but also because such a war could lead to no important result. Human lives would be sacrificed; ships and all kinds of property destroyed; until, at last, it would be seen that the combatants had been playing a game at which both could lose and neither win. To Mr. Cobden, moreover, America was a country where all the principles of internal government which he advocated in theory, and to which he pointed as to an ideal, were actually carried into practice. One thing was wanting, however, to America. It had not adopted the doctrine of free trade; but, on the contrary, maintained a system of high protective and almost prohibitory duties. That such perverseness should be found in the celestial minds of Democrats almost passes belief; but, in face of the stern realities of the existing American tariff, no incredulity on the subject can be indulged in. The Americans have to pay very high wages to their workpeople, and if our cotton goods were to be admitted at anything like a moderate duty there could be no remunerative sale for theirs. Their cotton-mills and printworks would have to be closed; and to the Americans the abandonment of protective duties would really be equivalent to the abandonment of their whole manufacturing system. To a consistent believer in free trade such a result as this is not to be deplored. In England we get all our wine (we hope so, at least) and more than half our corn from abroad; and yet we are not afraid of being left either hungry or thirsty by the cruel foreigner. If free-trade principles should ever be adopted universally, countries will have their special articles of produce or manufacture just as countries have now, and one country will have to depend upon another to such an extent that the probabilities of war will be considerably diminished—though, as civil wars have always been possible, it is idle to pretend that community of interest will ever prevent two or more foreign States from settling their disputes by means of the sword. The adherents to the old protective system, by which each country was made, as much as possible, to support itself, especially in regard to articles of prime necessity, still point to the danger which a nation incurs when it consents to look abroad for its food. Continental nations, as well as America, could manage somehow or other to get on without our manufactures; but we could not get on at all without the foreign corn which reaches us from so many markets. Thus, a French Admiral, M. De la Gravière, in his work on the navies of former days, says, in reference to the possibility of invading England, that to invade England would be absurd, and that it is now only necessary to blockade her—an experiment, we need hardly say, which has been tried before, and which, as long as we have an efficient Navy, cannot be attended with success.

Indeed, the essential difference between the free-trade system which Mr. Cobden did so much to promote and the old protective system may be said to consist in this—that the former is based upon the notion that war, and the latter upon the notion that peace, is the natural state of mankind. The protective system was absurd when neighbouring nations had no thought of injuring one another, and the free-trade system will be found very trying by nations who do not keep a sufficient quantity of food and drink at home if they should ever get engaged in a really serious war.

The effect of the free-trade system, then, by adding to the difficulties attendant upon fighting, is to diminish the chances of war; and it may be said that the main object of Mr. Cobden's life was to secure for his countrymen plenty and, with it, and through it, peace.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE preparations for the opening of the Dublin International Exhibition, which is to take place under the auspices of the Prince of Wales in May next, are rapidly approaching completion. The goods for exhibition are now in course of delivery, the exhibition building is nearly finished, and on Friday, the 31st ult., the galleries were tested in a very novel and interesting manner. Six hundred

men of the 78th Highlanders, under command of Colonel McIntyre, were marched to the entrance near Harcourt-street at two o'clock, accompanied by the band of the regiment. Having crossed the pleasure-grounds they entered the building and were massed, or rather packed in the closest manner, upon the gallery of the northern court. At the word of command the men, who came in heavy marching order, advanced with measured tread at slow time, and, having traversed the entire circuit of the gallery, changed to quick time, and then again to double quick. They went through a series of evolutions for the purpose of testing the strength of the work, and the spectacle presented was exceedingly picturesque and imposing. So fine a body of men, clad in their national costume and marching with such unusual precision, could not fail to render the occasion attractive to spectators, and accordingly the transept and courts were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and, though the place is as yet unfurnished, it presented the appearance of a fashionable promenade. The measured tramp of the men increased the effect of their splendid uniform and martial aspect. At about half-past two the marching concluded, and the band of the 78th, under the direction of Mr. Smalley, played an attractive selection of music. This is the second time the galleries of the new exhibition palace have been severely tested, and on each occasion the result has been very satisfactory. About a fortnight ago many thousand cannon balls were placed in the structure, and rolled about for the course of a day without producing any noticeable deflection or indicating any weak points. Friday week's experiment was still more trying. The galleries will never have to bear so heavy a strain again as the weight of 600 soldiers, going through numerous evolutions in heavy marching order. It must have been very gratifying to the members of the executive committee and the numerous visitors who are interested in the success of the coming exhibition to find that the floor bore this enormous weight without any perceptible yielding. Indeed, the utmost deflection at any point was a quarter of an inch. From the first there had been little doubt or anxiety with respect to the strength of the edifice, but it is pleasant to obtain such forcible corroboration of the predictions of the architect and builders. At three o'clock the regiment was marched back to barracks, but the large crowd of spectators who were present during the evolutions did not disperse for a considerable time. The weather was really beautiful, and the pleasure-gardens have begun to feel the influences of a genial sun and western breezes. The whole place was seen to great advantage, and those who were admitted gained some idea of the pleasure which is in store for the visitors to the exhibition.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

M. Baroche is to be President of the Corps Législatif, in the room of the late Count de Morny.

Some modification in the press law is understood to be contemplated by M. Lavalette, by which an incriminated writer will have an opportunity of defending himself before the official warning is given.

Anxiety is beginning to be felt in the French capital on account of the plague now raging in Russia and represented to be making a movement eastward.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian War Minister, on Wednesday, laid before the Berlin Lower Chamber a bill calling for nineteen millions of thalers, to be expended, during the next six years, in the construction of harbours and men-of-war. The Minister declared that Prussia was resolved to keep possession of Kiel, and that the fortification of that place and the building of ironclads would require the sum demanded. The Ministerial proposition was referred to a Special Committee.

AUSTRIA.

Herr von Schmerling has made a declaration in the Reichsrath, on behalf of the Government, in reference to the Hungarian question. He stated that the Government was quite determined to adhere to the carrying out in Hungary of the principle of the general Constitution. It was, however, ready to come to an understanding with the Liberal party in Hungary; but the so-called old Conservatives were the most persistent adversaries of any arrangement. If we are to understand this declaration according to its most obvious meaning, we do not see what hope or basis of arrangement there can well be. The Government refuses to give up the principle of the general Constitution. But it is to that principle that all Hungary objects. The essence of the scheme is uniformity, and that uniformity Hungary refuses to accept.

NEW ZEALAND.

By intelligence from Melbourne to the 23rd of February we learn that hostilities had recommenced in New Zealand, and, in a conflict with the rebels, a detachment of British troops nearly suffered a defeat. The rebels had murdered and decapitated one of the members of the Provincial Council. It is to be hoped that a report that the rebel leader, William Thompson, had surrendered to General Carey will prove to be well founded.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.

Our advices from New York reach to the evening of the 25th ult. The buoyant confidence of the Northern press and people that Sherman would carry all before him in his march upon Raleigh has been somewhat abated by the intelligence that each of his two advancing columns has been checked by the Confederates. Richmond papers of the 22nd report that General Hardee fell upon Sherman on the 16th inst., at a place called Averysborough, on the Cape Fear River, half way between Fayetteville and Raleigh, and defeated him with great carnage. The statement, however, that the Federal loss was 3300 and that of the Confederates only 450 looks like an exaggeration. The other victory was achieved by General Joseph E. Johnston, apparently over General Schofield, near Bentonville, on the 19th. Since that time no news of any further encounters had been received, or, if received, they had not been communicated to the public. It was understood that the Confederates, commanded by General Lee in person, would make their first stand at or near Raleigh, and that if unsuccessful in defeating and routing Sherman they would retire upon the line of the Roanoke, where reinforcements from Richmond could reach Lee within a few hours. Although, therefore, a reverse of the Federal arms was possible, and ought to be taken into account by all who would not delude themselves with over-sanguine expectations, the Northern public, almost en masse, and as if by universal consent, believed that the war on the part of the Confederates was so utterly hopeless that it only needed a magnanimous proclamation of amnesty to all the Southern leaders to induce General Lee to yield up his sword, and retire from the conflict with the honours of war and the grateful remembrances and admiration both of North and South. Lee was said to have gone to Raleigh and taken command of the army in North Carolina, while Johnston and Beauregard commanded at Richmond. Rumours of the junction of Schofield and Sherman's extreme right and the occupation of Goldsborough were current, but were unconfirmed by any official authority.

The latest accounts conflict with previous statements of Sheridan's whereabouts. The Confederates now report him worsted in a skirmish with Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, in the vicinity of Whitehouse, on the 21st. Kantz's Federal cavalry, which were sent to reinforce Sheridan, are also asserted to have been repulsed.

The Confederate General Kirby Smith is asserted to have 25,000 negro troops operating in his trans-Mississippi department, who have been equipped and organised by, and are under the command of, their owners.

Stoneman's cavalry, 6000 strong, had left Knoxville and were moving towards Western Virginia. 10,000 Federal cavalry had left Eastport, Mississippi, to destroy the remaining railroads in Alabama and Mississippi.

Two negro companies had paraded at Richmond, and the impression was that they would make good soldiers.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Lincoln had gone to Fortress Monroe—some say for the benefit of his health, and to free himself, if only for a few days, from the mosquito-like crowd of office-seekers who worry him "nigh unto death" by their greedy importunities. Others allege that his object is to confer with General Grant on a proposition made by Mr. Jefferson Davis, to the effect that Generals Lee and Grant should hold a conference to debate, with perhaps better results than attended the efforts of the civilians who recently met on board the steamer in the Hampton Roads, whether peace and reconciliation be not possible at this moment. It is likely that this explanation of Mr. Lincoln's visit to his generalissimo is the true one, for the camp of an invading army and the tent of a soldier is not the place that a sick man would naturally select for the benefit of his health or the repose and refreshment of his jaded system.

An address by Congress to the Confederate people sets forth that the present military situation is far more favourable than it was during much of the Revolution of 1776; that, as Washington was then confident, so is the South confident now that the extent of the Confederate territory renders its conquest impossible; that its supplies are inexhaustible; that the North must, sooner or later, abandon the contest through financial exhaustion; and declares that, if the whole people will but exercise resolution and united action, the establishment of their independence will be their sure reward.

The floods in the North were subsiding, but they had done an immense amount of damage.

Federal agents, it was alleged, were now in Canada sounding the people as to their views on the question of annexation to the "United States." Two British subjects had been arrested in New York charged with assisting to equip the Stonewall.

Halifax telegrams, via Quebec, state that, in consequence of the delay attending the proposed confederation of all the British North American provinces, the Nova Scotian Government will shortly submit a plan for the union of the maritime provinces only.

OPENING DAY OF THE LONDON ROWING CLUBS.

ON Saturday last Putney kept high festival, arrayed in panoply of bravery and bunting, such as that quaint old amphibious village assuredly never witnessed since the courtly Lord Essex received his Royal and loving mistress at his hospitable mansion in the high street, amid all the pomp and circumstance of state ceremonial.

The celebration of a grand aquatic festival, in which all the London rowing clubs should be invited to participate, as a sort of inauguration of the rowing season of 1865, was certainly a great idea; and, if not carried out so well as it might have been in all its minor details, it certainly produced one of the most charming spectacles ever witnessed on the Thames in modern times; and, whatever its shortcomings may have been, they will, we feel assured, be readily pardoned by all who have any conception of the countless difficulties which must necessarily attend such a gigantic undertaking.

The procession consisted of a flotilla of forty-five craft, including a twelve-oared cutter—manned by the captains of the twelve leading clubs, and steered by Mr. H. Playford, the commodore—seventeen eight-oars, and twenty-seven four and six oared boats; consequently, some idea may be formed of the enormous space of water covered by this miniature fleet and the difficulty of getting them into anything like regular order. Each craft carried the colours of the club in the stern, and corresponding flags had been planted at intervals along the towing-path to mark the various stations; but, notwithstanding these arrangements, the greatest confusion prevailed, and upwards of an hour and a half was wasted before they could be brought even into a semblance of order. Scarcely less Babel-like was the scene on the bank. The towpath was in a most disgraceful state, reminding one of a London street "under repair." In some parts it was literally knee-deep in mud and puddles, while in others it was covered with huge boulders of limestone—placed there by the Thames Conservancy for some inscrutable purposes of their own—through and over which the crowd struggled, and scrambled, and swam, and the horsemen and horsewomen plunged and capered at their own sweet will, utterly regardless, apparently, of the lives and limbs of her Majesty's subjects, who, however, took it all with the most perfect good-humour, regarding it, to all appearance, as part and parcel of the day's amusement. Of a truth, it was a most motley gathering. Brawny barges, West-End swells, flashy betting men, jaunty-looking "young" Oxford and Cambridge, Putney Arabs, cadgers, fighting men, Ethiopian serenaders, and here and there a stray crinoline strangely bedraggled and painfully out of joint, were all struggling together, cheek by jowl, in most indescribable confusion. Nor, indeed, was the scene on the river much more orderly when the procession set out for the Aqueduct, where the start was to take place. It seemed to be a case of "devil take the hindmost," more especially among the smaller craft, and the crowding, jamming, fouling, the interlacing of oars, and the locking of rowlocks, which ensued were, as the Yankee says, "a caution." At last, however, something like order was obtained, and the holiday fleet set out on its trip, the tout ensemble being certainly most picturesque in effect. The commodore's twelve-oar, the rowlocks of which were decorated with the flags of the various clubs, led the way, followed by the London Rowing Club eight, manned by the "Henley Crew," with the West London, Twickenham, North London, Excelsior, Nautilus, Corsair, Ariel, Thames, Phoenix, King's College and School, Ilex, Waverley, and Guy's, in the order of the numerical strength of the various clubs represented.

At Hammersmith the commodore's boat eased, and allowed the procession to pass; and, after a somewhat undignified scramble through the arches of the bridge, they again re-formed in line, and rowed to the White Hart, Barnes, where the crews disembarked.

After some delay they once more got afloat, and as they were pulling off into the stream the Cambridge eight was observed coming up, whereupon the procession again formed in order, and received the light blues with a most enthusiastic cheer, those whose craft permitted the performance saluting by tossing their oars. Altogether, the spectacle was most unique, and the opening day will, doubtless, form for the future one of the recognised as well as one of the most popular institutions of the river.

MR. COBDEN ON AMERICAN FINANCE.—The following passage occurs in a private letter addressed, some time ago, by Mr. Cobden to the Hon. B. R. Wood, American Minister at Copenhagen:—"You will have a task sufficient to employ all your energies at home in bringing your finances into order. There is a dreadful want of capacity at your head, in questions of political economy. You seem, now, to be in the same state of ignorance as that from which we began to emerge forty years ago. The labours of Huskinson, Peel, and Gladstone seem never to have been heard of by Messrs. — and Co. Depend on it that, as there is no royal road to learning, so there is no republican path to prosperity. You must follow the beaten track of experience. Debt is debt, whether on the west or east of the Atlantic; and it can be paid only by prudence and economy and a wise distribution of its burdens."

THE DISPUTE IN THE IRON TRADE.—The lock-out in the iron trade is withdrawn. The works in the north of England commenced operations last week, and the South Staffordshire masters met on Wednesday and passed a resolution to the effect that they would open their works on the men giving a pledge that they would neither directly nor indirectly support the North Staffordshire men who are on strike. The Glasgow ironworkers have wisely resolved to settle their dispute with the masters by arbitration. They recommend their brethren throughout the country to adopt the same course. The North Staffordshire men, however, still hold out, and have refused to submit the questions in dispute to unconditional arbitration, insisting on resuming work at the same prices as before the strike.

A PRISONER before a criminal court was convicted of an outrageous crime. The judge began to sentence him with the usual sermon, in manner and form following:—"Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted of a most abominable crime, one equally brutal and cowardly; you—"Prisoner—"Ow much?" Judge—"Eight." Whereupon, without more ado, the prisoner was removed, and the officer of the court recorded sentence of eight years' penal servitude.

DEATH OF MR. COBDEN.

MEMBERS of all parties in the State—all Englishmen—will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Cobden. The distinguished member for Rochdale expired on Sunday morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at his lodgings in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall. Mr. Cobden arrived in town on the 21st of March, although suffering from bronchitis at the time, in order to attend to his Parliamentary duties. He had been chronically afflicted with this disease since last November, and, indeed, he has been in bad health for many years. Mr. Bright, M.P. for Birmingham, and Mr. Moffat, M.P. for Honiton, were present at his death.

Richard Cobden, M.P. for Rochdale, was the son of Mr. William Cobden, of Dunford, near Midhurst, Sussex, where he was born on the 3rd of June, 1804. After being employed in his youth in a City warehouse, he became a traveller in the north of England. Subsequently he founded a calico-printing business at Clitheroe, in Lancashire. Afterwards he settled in Manchester, and devoted his energies to the promotion of the local wants and interests of that city; and his active opposition to the local government of Manchester, then vested in the lord of the manor, resulted in the establishment of municipal government. In 1834, after devoting his attention for some time to the subject of public education, he visited Egypt, Greece, and Turkey; in 1835, North America; in 1837, France, Belgium, and Switzerland; in 1838, Germany. The results were two pamphlets—"England, Ireland, and America," and "Russia." When he returned to England, after his last tour, he commenced a persistent career of agitation in favour of the repeal of the corn laws. Various provincial and metropolitan associations sprang out of this agitation between 1834 and 1838; 200 delegates brought up petitions for repeal in 1839; meetings were held in various places in March and April, 1841; an excited meeting was also held at Manchester in the following May; and at the grand bazaar of February, 1842, the large sum of £10,000 was realised. Mr. Villiers's first motion for the repeal of the corn laws was rejected by a large majority, and the National Anti-Corn Law League, supported by a public subscription of more than £250,000, was instantly started into existence. Nearly 600 deputies connected with provincial associations had assembled in London between February and August, 1842, and in the following October the League at Manchester raised £50,000 for pamphlets and lectures. Mr. Cobden was the most conspicuous orator at all these meetings; and, by his eloquence and his calm, quiet style of argumentation, greatly promoted the success of the movement. It must be added that, much to his honour, Mr. Cobden resigned all interest in his business and devoted himself exclusively to the promotion of this great work.

The first great meeting at Drury-lane Theatre was held on the 15th of March, 1843; and then there was a series of monthly meetings at Covent Garden, the first of which was held on the 28th of September. Then there were great free-trade meetings at Manchester, on the 14th of November, 1843, and on the 22nd of January,

1845, and a grand bazaar at Covent Garden on the 5th of May, 1845—Mr. Cobden being, of course, the leading orator at the meetings and the most conspicuous visitor to the bazaar. As all the world knows, Mr. Cobden's exertions mainly contributed to the eventual repeal of the corn laws, and Sir Robert Peel broke up a Ministry, separated himself from his party, estranged himself from most of his friends, and finally was displaced from office because he succeeded (June 26, 1846) in carrying the measure for the repeal of the corn laws. Sir Robert "cheapened the poor

man's bread;" it was no longer "leavened by a sense of injustice;" but he honourably disclaimed all merit for himself, saying that all credit was due to the "unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden!" not to a Russell or a Peel, but to one who, from pure and disinterested motives, had, with untiring energy and by calm argument, enforced his cause. After this grand success, Mr. Cobden visited successively France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Russia, and was received with enthusiasm by statesmen of all parties. At home he received a public tribute of respect in the substantial shape of the sum of £60,000.

Mr. Cobden stood for Stockport in the Liberal interest in 1837, but was not returned. In 1841 he was returned, and sat till 1847, when he was elected at the head of the poll, but preferred to take the seat for the West Riding of Yorkshire, for which he was returned, unopposed, second on the poll, Lord Morpeth (the late Earl of Carlisle) being before him. In 1852 he was returned for the same important constituency without opposition, his colleague being Mr. E. B. Denison. In 1857, through the excitement caused by the Chinese War and the course taken by Mr. Cobden in moving the resolutions condemnatory of the Government, which were carried by a majority of sixteen, Lord Palmerston's appeal to the country so far ratified his policy as to expel the chief opponents of it—Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Milner Gibson—from the House of Commons. In 1859, however, Mr. Cobden was returned for Rochdale, while absent in America, and Lord Palmerston kept a seat in the then newly-formed Cabinet open for his acceptance, though, on his return, he declined it, as he had declined a similar offer, made by Lord John Russell when forming his Cabinet in 1846.

Mr. Cobden was one of the most energetic supporters of the Peace Society, founded in 1816, which held its forty-fifth anniversary in May, 1861; which held congresses in Paris and London in 1849; in Frankfurt and Birmingham in 1850; in Exeter Hall in 1851; and in Manchester and Edinburgh in 1853.

Of much more substantial importance was Mr. Cobden's visit to Paris in 1859. He was deputed by the Government to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, and, aided greatly by Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador in Paris, he succeeded in completing the details of a treaty satisfactory to everybody except the paper-makers. The treaty was signed Jan. 23, 1860. On Mr. Cobden's return to England he was offered a baronetcy and the rank of a Privy Councillor, but the hon. gentleman declined both the honours proffered to him.

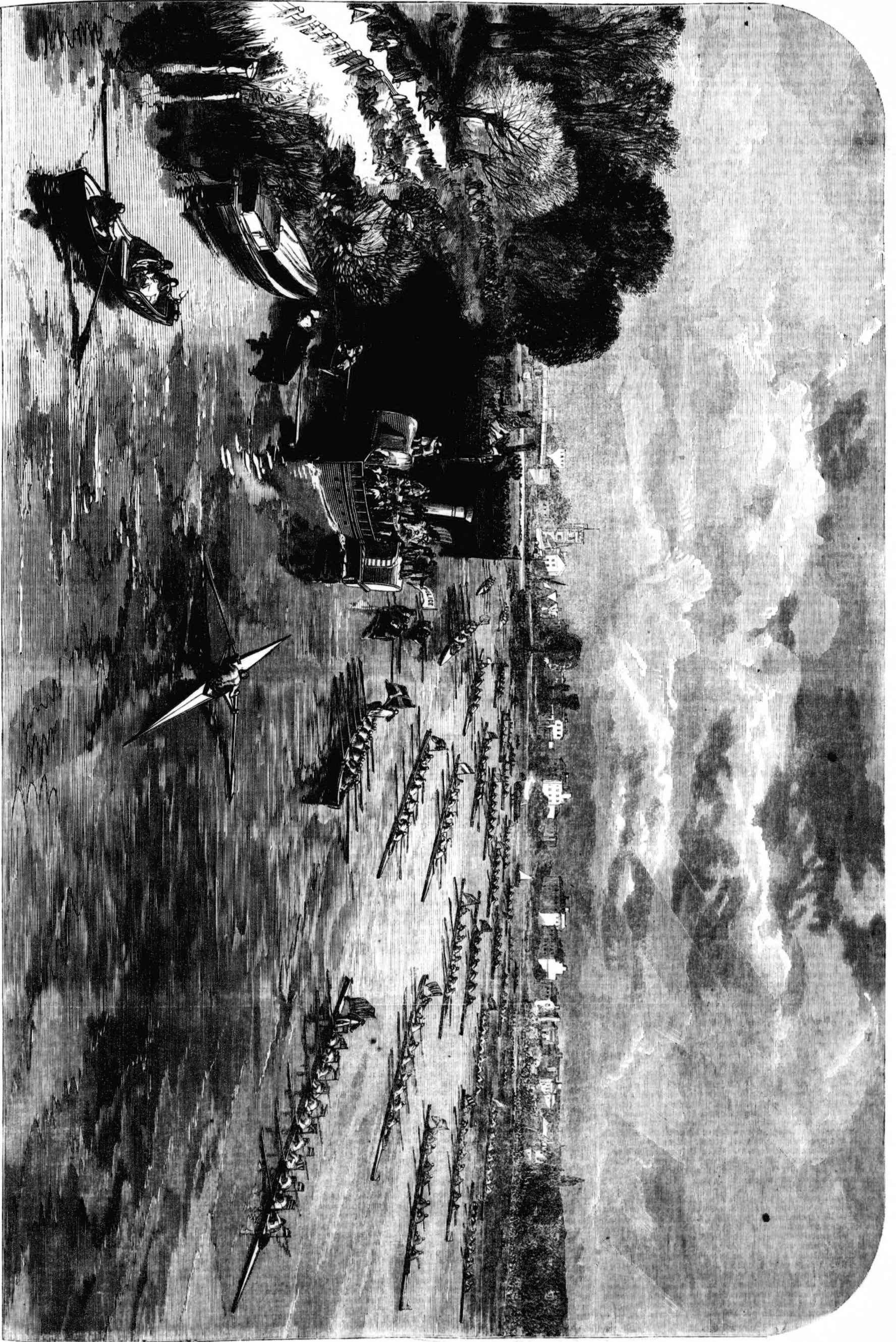
The news of the death of Mr. Cobden was received with great regret in Paris. All the journals pay a tribute of respect to his memory. The official *Moniteur* concludes a long article in his praise with the following expression:—"Cobden was able to understand France, and he loved her. She will never forget him." During the sitting of the Corps Législatif on Monday the Vice-President of the Council of State publicly announced the tidings of Mr. Cobden's death, and pronounced in the name of the Chamber and of France a panegyric on the lamented author of the com-



THE LATE RICHARD COBDEN, M.P.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DOWNEY.)



MARRIAGE OF M^{lle}. HAUSSMANN, DAUGHTER OF THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE: SIGNING THE CONTRACT AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—SEE PAGE 215.



INAUGURATION OF THE THAMES BOATING SEASON: GRAND PROCESSION OF ROWING-CLUB BOATS.—SEE PAGE 210

mercantile treaty with England. M. Auguste Chevalier (brother of M. Michel Chevalier, the distinguished free-trader), M. Garnier-Pages, and M. Glais-Bizoin likewise paid a tribute to Mr. Cobden's memory, and the applause of the entire Chamber indorsed their sentiments.

The Emperor has decided that a bust of Mr. Cobden shall be placed in the Museum of Versailles.

The remains of Mr. Cobden were interred yesterday (Friday) in Lavington churchyard, Midhurst. A numerous assemblage of friends and admirers of the deceased statesman, including representatives of public bodies in Manchester, Stockport, Rochdale, &c., and a considerable number of members of Parliament, attended to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory by following his remains to the grave.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 255. THE IRISH CHURCH DEBATE.

LAST week we had four regular debates upon Irish matters. Tuesday night was devoted to futile, unprofitable talk about the Irish Church, that old, old topic, on which there has been more windy eloquence expended during the last half century than upon any other subject that has come before the House. Mr. Dillwyn was the man who got up the debate on Tuesday night. His speech was long, level, prosy, and dull. Half the members it gradually dispersed; the other half it sent off into somnolent, dreamy reveries or actual sleep. Listening to Mr. Dillwyn, when he favours the House with one of his set harangues, is like travelling over the Newmarket flats or the Bedford Level in the Fens, where there is for miles no object to meet the eye, no trees, no hedges, no houses, nothing but a dreary, wearisome plain, intersected by stagnant ditches. Mr. Dillwyn's matter may be good, if one could but listen to it; but steadily listening is impossible, so cold is his manner, so monotonous is his voice; so utterly spiritless, in short, is his delivery. Long and painful labour must have been expended upon that speech. Is it not wonderful, then, that he should have expended no thought upon the manner in which he should present it to the House? Manner is not everything in speaking. It is, however, more than half the whole. By an effective manner you may, as we all know, make the stupidest matter interesting, or at least temporarily so. But a dull, listless manner destroys the natural effect of the wisest thoughts. This debate, however, though it was introduced so coldly, was not, as a whole, wanting in life, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer discoursed eloquent music, albeit with some grating, harsh dissonants in it for the gentlemen opposite; for, though he could promise no remedy, he boldly declared that this Irish Church is a wrong of which Irishmen had a right to complain. We had also a rattling speech from Mr. Gathorne Hardy. Mr. Hardy speaks like a torrent; one of those rolling, rushing, turbulent rivers in the lake districts which, fed by innumerable mountain streams, rattle through the plains away to the sea. Mr. Whiteside, too, that "peerless orator," as a Conservative paper calls him, who had come into the house early loaded with portentous bluebooks and other documents, and had sat impatiently waiting his opportunity for hours, favoured us with one of his blazing, flashing, sparkling oratorical displays. Mr. Whiteside represents the University of Dublin, and, of course, could do no other than rush to the front when that "sacred ark," the Irish Church, was attacked. If applause be the test of a speech, that harangue of Mr. Whiteside's was a great success—an immense success—for the cheering was at times uproarious, and when he sat down there was, as the newspapers put it, "long, loud, and continued applause." But is loud applause the true test of the effectiveness of a speech? Questionable, we think. If we were in the habit of addressing the House of Commons we should value deep, reverent attention—like that which we have seen when Gladstone, Bright, or Cobden (alas! now no more to speak for ever) was in possession of the House. And now we will leave the debate. It came to nothing that night, and, we fancy, will come to nothing. It was adjourned till the 2nd of May; but it is doubted whether it will be resumed then, or at any time this Session. Mr. Dillwyn has got an expression of opinion from a member of the Government, and will probably be content.

IRISH DOGS AND IRISH CHANCERY.

On Wednesday we spent some hours in discussing a bill brought in by Sir Frederick Heygate (son of Alderman Heygate and representative of Londonderry) to stay the plague of dogs in Ireland, which is so fatal that it annually destroys some eight or ten thousand sheep. But of this debate we need say nothing. On Thursday we dropped into a discussion upon the Irish Court of Chancery; and of all the dull nights that we have known, this was the dullest. The scene in the house was dreariness itself. We looked in about nine o'clock and found just a dozen members present, and ten of these were Irish lawyers. And what wonder? Who would voluntarily sit in the house to hear lawyers drone upon such a subject? "With science and sauce," says the proverb, "you may get very good soup out of the leg of a stool;" and it may be so. But by no art can you make such a discussion as this palatable to any mortal man. The smooth, musical eloquence of Sir Roundell Palmer failed to keep the members together. Whiteside "the peerless," who spoke for two hours by the clock, was but little more lively than one of our proverbial bores. Even his native fire was damped down, as it were by a wet sheet, and only now and then feebly flickered, like a camp fire on a rainy night. There was an attempt made to count the House out, but it did not succeed. The debate, though awfully dull, was, it seems, necessary, and must come on some time. The whips had, therefore, carefully kept a reserve, and, at the ring of the bell, by the energetic exertions of the said whips, who rushed away and scoured out the dining-room, library, and smoking-room, and every other place whither members had fled from this awful chancery debate, the reserve was brought up, and saved the House. One of our morning papers said that Mr. Speaker delayed to count the House for a minute or so after the time allowed had expired. But this is a mistake; Mr. Speaker would do nothing so irregular as this, we may be sure. When Mr. Speaker's attention was called to the fact that there were not forty members present, the two-minute sand-glass was promptly turned, and when the last sand had run up he rose to count.

IRISH TENANT-RIGHT.

And now we come to Friday, when we had the fourth Irish debate of the week. Four Irish debates in one week! Will anyone say after this that Irishmen cannot get the Imperial Legislature to listen to their wrongs? We certainly talk enough about justice to Ireland if we do not do it. The subject of this debate was Irish tenant-right; and the leader of it Mr. Maguire. Irish tenant-right is, like the Irish Church, one of our old vexed questions. If all that has been spoken and written upon this subject were to be printed in columns, you might form a line of them that would girdle the earth, and still the question is not settled. Indeed, we have not yet settled what tenant-right means. Lord Palmerston, in his off-hand, jaunty style, lately affirmed that "tenant's right means landlord's wrong," and loudly did both English and Irish landlords cheer the sentiment thus authoritatively put. But this antithesis did not satisfy us. Nor was it likely that it should, for may we not, with equal truth, say that landlord's right is tenant's wrong? All travellers in Ireland say that something is out of joint. Inglis, Miss Martineau, the German Kohl, and Professor Goldwin Smith all agree upon this point. This, however, is no business of ours; we will describe the debate, and not discuss the subject of it. Maguire did his work well, as he always does all work which he takes upon himself to do. Whether he talks or writes—delivers a speech on tenant-right or writes the life of Father Mathew—the thing is sure to be done well. (By-the-way, he has been selected to write the Life of Cardinal Wiseman, and has begun the same.) His speech on this occasion was carefully prepared, and admirably delivered, in that free, flowing style of his which we who attend the house so well know. And he got his reward: he was listened to

attentively; he "held the House," as we say; and he succeeded in forcing Lord Palmerston to grant a Committee. The noble Lord at first flatly refused; but Mr. Brand, after roughly counting noses, had whispered into the noble Lord's ear, "Better concede, my Lord, or we shall be beaten;" or something to the same effect; and his Lordship gracefully conceded, as he so well knows how to do when defeat lies ahead.

A BATCH OF SPEAKERS.

Mr. W. E. Forster seconded Mr. Maguire's motion, spoke with unusual freedom and energy, and had his brother-in-law, Mr. Matthew Arnold—son of the good Dr. Arnold, whose daughter Mr. Forster married—to hear him. The poet-philosopher sat under the gallery, and when we looked at him as he scanned the scene before him we could not help wishing that we could, in the interest of our readers, borrow his thoughts and his pen for our next week's "Inner Life." But, unhappily for said readers, these things are not transferable. Time and space would fail were we to attempt to describe all the speakers and speeches of the evening; a few jottings therefore must suffice. Once when we looked into the house we saw Mr. Cox, the member for Finsbury, on his legs—"Cox on Irish tenant-right," we said to ourselves. "What can he know about that?" Mr. Cox is a City man; and one would almost as soon expect to hear a London alderman piping a pastoral as to learn that Mr. Cox is up in the vexed question of tenant-right. Suddenly, however, it came into our mind that Mr. Cox, being governor of the famous London Irish Society, is an Irish landlord; and therefore we listened to Mr. Cox, and, truth to say, were paid for our attention; for the hon. member for Finsbury evidently knew what he was talking about, and spoke practically, wisely, and well. Strange fact, is it not, readers, that lands which once belonged to the proud O'Doghertys, Tyrone, and O'Donnells should now be under the management of a mere City man like Mr. Cox. When Mr. Cox sat down, Mr. Roebuck rose to give us his opinion, not his arguments; for Mr. Roebuck never now condescends to argue. He gives us his decisions, but never the processes by which he has arrived at them. He has long ceased to think that the House of Commons is worthy of an argument. He comes to us clothed in authority, and he expects that we shall receive without question his oracular pronouncements. "The whole secret of the Irish tenant's misery is his improvidence." This was the burden of Roebuck's speech on Friday night. "Improvidence is the cause of Irish distress. This—this, and no more! Mark that! Have I not said it? I, Arthur Roebuck! And

Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?"

Now, outsiders who fancy they know something of the House of Commons and do not, may wonder that it listens with patience to such dogmatism. But the House always listens to Mr. Roebuck, not merely with decent but profound attention. And the reason why is this: He commands attention by his vigorous, pure vernacular style, and his forcible dramatic manner. It is almost impossible to overrate the power of style and manner. It is no uncommon thing for Englishmen who do not understand a word of Welsh to be moved to tears by Welsh preachers; and it was said of Whitfield that he could thus move his audience by the utterance of a single word. True, the triumph is but temporary: the moment that we get away from the fascination of the speaker, and begin to think, the illusion is gone. And then, again, our readers must remember that there is generally some truth in what Mr. Roebuck says—some truth, though not all the truth. The immediate cause of Irish distress is doubtless in a measure improvidence; but what is the cause of this improvidence—the *causa cause*, as the philosophers say? Why are the Irish peasants improvident in Ireland and not elsewhere? In America they are not improvident; on the contrary, as soon as they get there they begin to forecast and provide not only for their own future well-being but for that of their kin whom they have left behind. Witness that marvellous fact—fact unparalleled in history—that they have, since the famine in 1847, sent over to this country nearly twenty millions sterling to enable their relations to emigrate. Meanwhile, it is true, or rather a half truth, that in Ireland they are improvident; and, by the utterance of this half truth, enforced by his dramatic action, Mr. Roebuck took the House captive for a time. But only for a time, mind you, readers. If a speaker would achieve a permanent triumph he must give us not merely vigorous words enforced by vigorous and dramatic action, but vigorous sense. Mr. Forster's speeches have more permanent effect than those of Mr. Roebuck.

SCENIC.

The scene in the House of Commons on Monday night was to us painful rather than gratifying. We felt as a man feels when he arrives at the house in which a dear friend lies dead, and sees at the door professional mutes and similar grief-mongers with their trappings, upholstery, and other mockeries of woe. For the speakers here, except, of course, Mr. Bright, were professional eulogisers. They were not hired by money, but neither were they inspired by love or grief. It was a "right thing to do" this lauding the dead statesman, and therefore they did it. It is questionable whether Lord Palmerston was moved even by this faint inspiration. It was not in his mind at first to say a word, but he was urged to consent to the adjournment of the House, and, as he could not do this because the Government wanted some votes in Supply, he compromised by giving, instead of an adjournment, a speech; and, this being settled, a note was dispatched to Mr. Disraeli to inform him of the arrangement, that he too, if he felt inclined, might contribute his meed of eulogy of the deceased statesman. This was, then, no burst of grief, no spontaneous expression of sorrow, but a thing got up. All this we knew when we entered the house, and, knowing it, the scene could give us no pleasure. However, it was not wanting in solemnity; unquestionably, the sorrow of the majority of the members was profound and their homage sincere.

PALMERSTON.

Lord Palmerston rose to perform his stipulated task at a quarter to five, and as he rose the House at once hushed into profound silence and attention. Of his Lordship's speech little need be said, as all our readers will have seen and read it. The noble Lord did his work, on the whole, neatly enough, and this is all that can be said in his praise. He was not inspired. The light that he threw upon Mr. Cobden's character and achievements was "a dry light"—*lumen siccum*. There was little or no warmth in it. And what a blunder he made when he described the eloquence of Cobden as Demosthenic! Had we not been too much distressed by our loss we should have laughed at this strange, inappropriate epithet. But the noble Lord made a worse mistake than this when he named the allies of Richard Cobden and forgot to mention Bright. But, no matter. The nation knows, and all the world knows, and history will record, that whilst Villiers prepared the way for the fight for free trade, and Peel, after long and pertinacious opposition, turned round when resistance had become hopeless and headed the last grand assault, "Cobden and Bright" were the foremost soldiers in that protracted and arduous war. Men say—but no! just now we will not record what men say, but rather charitably, hope that, strange as this omission was, it was merely a mistake.

DISRAELI.

Mr. Disraeli's speech was far the most impressive of the two. His manner was more solemn, his thoughts more appropriate, his estimate of the great statesman more just. And how solemn the House was whilst Mr. Disraeli was speaking! There was silence that might be felt. The attention was rapt. Every man seemed to be holding his breath lest his struggling emotions should break forth into expression and disturb the speaker. And when the orator told us that the deceased statesman had joined that great band of members who, though not present in the body, are still here, &c., there burst forth from many parts of the house deep sighs and low but unusually expressive murmurs of applause. That was a beautiful figure of Disraeli: nothing more beautiful was ever presented to the House. It was borrowed, as we all know; but it was none the less beautiful because St. Paul used it before.

MOVE ON.

Of Mr. Bright's speech we will not say a word. It is a speech to be read, and felt, and not to be talked about. Nor will we describe his appearance as he delivered it. It would be an intrusion into the sanctuary of sorrow—something very much like a profanation—to do this. When Mr. Bright sat down Sir Morton Peto rose. For a moment the members listened, thinking that possibly he, too, was going to say something about Mr. Cobden; but when the words "Board of Admiralty" fell upon their ears, up rose the crowd, and all the pent-up stream of life dashed downward in a cataract.

Yes; it was all over. The drama had been performed; and that crowd, lately so solemn and silent, was now rushing out, gabbling and cackling as if nothing had happened. For a few short minutes the current of business had been stopped; but now the dam is broken down, and on rushes the mighty, impetuous river in its course again, apparently as heedless of the solemn event which had occurred as the roaring sea is of the wrecks which it casts upon the shore.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

DESTRUCTION OF DWELLINGS BY RAILWAY WORKS, ETC.

Lord SHAFTESBURY called attention to the inconvenience and evils resulting from the great destruction of the dwellings of the labouring classes in the metropolis in consequence of the construction of railways and other works. The number of persons to be displaced this year was not less than 20,000 and the number of houses destroyed 3500. For the people thus deprived of their dwellings no adequate accommodation was provided, and the result was, undoubtedly, an increase of pauperism. After reviewing the remedies proposed, such as the building of model lodging-houses, running cheap trains, &c., his Lordship concluded by moving a new standing order on the subject, requiring notice to be given to Parliament before the end of December of the intention of the promoters of any bill to take fifteen or more houses inhabited by the labouring classes, and that notice should be given, eight weeks before taking the houses, to the heads of families inhabiting the same, and by placards and handbills displayed in the vicinity, and also that no houses should be so taken until a justice of the peace should have certified that the provisions of the order had been complied with.

The Earl of LONGFORD proposed to extend the provisions of the order to other houses besides those of the labouring classes.

A discussion followed, and eventually Lord Shaftesbury withdrew his motion, to give time to consider the amendment.

THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.

Lord ST. LEONARDS presented a petition from the inhabitants of Kingston-on-Thames and the neighbourhood praying that the cartoons of Raphael might be allowed to remain at Hampton Court. He deprecated their removal to South Kensington, and called attention to the fact that the beautiful gates from Hampton Court had been removed, and that the statues had been taken from the pedestals in the grounds of the palace.

Earl GRANVILLE defended the removal of the gates. The statues had been removed to Windsor Park. As for the cartoons, they would be quite as safe at South Kensington as at Hampton Court, while they would be seen by more than double the number of persons.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.—THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Sir S. Northcote, made statements as to the order of public business, and said he should propose that the House should adjourn from this day week to the 24th of April.

THE POPE.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Newdegate, said he thought the question of the probability of the Pope seeking refuge in England was doubtful. Though everybody would have respect for the Pope personally, he thought his coming here would be a political anachronism. Two years ago, when it was thought the Pope might have to leave Italy, Mr. Russell, for the English Government, offered him a residence at Malta.

TENANT-RIGHT IN IRELAND.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. MAGUIRE moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the laws regulating the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland, with a view to their more equitable adjustment. He asked for no sudden change in the law, but for inquiry as the basis for future legislation. He believed the result of that inquiry would be the irresistible conclusion that a change in the land laws of Ireland was necessary. Ireland, unlike England, was mainly dependent upon agriculture, and that was an evil which every one ought to endeavour to remedy by raising up local industries. But as the law now stood, there was no inducement to the people to make the most out of the land nor to reclaim the many thousand acres of waste land in the country. The conduct of the landlords was such as to lead to the belief that they looked upon the people as a means of raising so much a year for them. There was no want of capital in the country. At this moment there was deposited by the agricultural classes in the joint-stock banks of Ireland £14,000,000, which they dare not invest in land. The real cause of the evil was the want of security of tenure, which prevented labour and money being expended on the soil. The law of distress in Ireland should be abolished, except where the tenant had a thirty-one years' lease, and that would be an inducement to the landlords to give leases.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER seconded the motion, and a lengthened discussion ensued, in which Lord Courtenay, Mr. L. Gower, Mr. Moore, Colonel Greville, Mr. Roebuck, and other hon. members took part.

Lord PALMERSTON did not believe there would be any justice in what Mr. Maguire evidently wanted done—namely, to give to others the right of determining what should be done with a man's property. He contended that fixity of tenure prevented improvement of property, and it was only when men became tenants-at-will that they began to improve. Amidst the cheers of the Conservatives, he proceeded to state what he understood by tenant-right. He could not consent to the Committee proposed, but would consent to one to inquire into the operation of the Acts of 1860.

Mr. MAGUIRE accepted this offer.

Mr. WHITESIDE suggested that the inquiry should be limited to the Act of Mr. Cardwell of 1860, and not to the other Acts.

After a brief discussion, this was agreed to.

MONDAY, APRIL 3.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House was principally occupied in a discussion of the Public Schools Bill, the second reading of which was moved by the Earl of Clarendon. The bill met with a strong opposition, and was ultimately read a second time, the Committee being appointed for May 2.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. COBDEN.

On the approach of the hour for the commencement of public business the benches on each side of the house became excessively crowded. Members addressed each other in whispers. The stillness at times was almost death-like. When the order of the day for going into Committee of Supply was called,

Lord PALMERSTON said, it was impossible for the House to hear the motion put without calling to mind the great loss which the country had sustained by the event which had taken place the previous morning. Mr. Cobden, whose loss they all deplored, had stood in a prominent position both as a member of the House and as an English citizen. Aided by a phalanx of worthy associates, it was reserved to Mr. Cobden, by his untiring industry, his indefatigable personal activity, the indomitable energy of his mind, and the persuasive and Demosthenic eloquence with which he treated all subjects, to carry into practical application those abstract principles of commercial freedom by which he was so deeply impressed, and which at last gained the acceptance of all reasonable men. But great as were his talents and his industry, and eminent as was his success, they were all equalled by the disinterestedness of his mind. He was a man of great ambition; but his ambition was to be useful to his country, and that ambition was amply gratified. When the present Government was formed he was offered a seat in the Cabinet, which he declined, on the ground that he differed from him (Lord Palmerston) on many important principles of political action. The two great achievements of Mr. Cobden were, first, the abrogation of those laws which regulate the importation of corn, and the completion of those commercial arrangements which he negotiated with France. When the latter work was accomplished Mr. Cobden was offered the honours of a baronetcy and a seat at the Privy Council; but the same disinterested spirit which entered into all his conduct, in private and in public, led him to decline these distinctions also. The country had sustained a loss which every man in it would feel. They had lost a man who was emblematic of the Constitution under which we lived, because he had risen to great eminence in that House, and acquired an ascendancy in the public mind, not by virtue of any family connections, but solely in consequence of the power and vigour of his intellect being applied to purposes that were advantageous to the country. His name would be inscribed on the most interesting page of our history; and there was not a man in the house who did not feel that it had lost one of its brightest ornaments and the country one of its greatest and most useful servants.

Mr. DISRAELI said he could not reconcile it to himself to be silent on an occasion when the House had to deplore the loss of one so eminent, in the very ripeness of his manhood and the full vigour of his intellect. Although it was the fortune of Mr. Cobden to enter public life at a time when passions

ran high, still, when the strife was over, there was soon observed in him a moderation and a tempered thought which indicated a large intellect and the possession of statesman-like qualities. As a debater he had grasp and logic; as a logician he was close and complete, adroit and acute, perhaps even subtle. At the same time, he was gifted with such a degree of imagination that he never lost sight of the sympathies of those whom he addressed; and so, generally avoiding to drive his argument to extremity, he became, as a speaker, both practical and persuasive. When the verdict of posterity came to be recorded on the life and conduct of Mr. Cobden, it would be said of him that he was, without doubt, the greatest political character that the pure middle class of this country had yet produced; that he was an ornament to the House of Commons and an honour to England.

Mr. BRIGHT, who was overwhelmed with grief, said the expressions of sympathy which he had just listened to were most gratifying to his heart. He dared not attempt to utter the feelings by which he was oppressed, but would leave to some calmer moment, when he might have an opportunity of speaking to some portions of his countrymen, the lesson which he thought might be learned from the life and character of his friend. He could only say that, after many years of most intimate and brotherly friendship with Mr. Cobden, he little knew how much he had loved him until he had lost him.

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY.

Sir M. PETO then rose, and called the attention of the House to the constitution and administration of the Board of Admiralty, which he contended were defective in many important respects, and suggested various alterations. Lord C. PAGET replied to the hon. member, and a long debate, in which Sir J. Pakington and Sir J. Elphinstone took part, ensued.

SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, and several votes were passed.

Mr. PEEL having moved a vote of £1,748,000 on account of certain Civil Service Estimates for 1865-6.

Lord R. ECCL noticed the irregularity of the vote, the Estimates not being yet laid upon the table and in the hands of members.

A long and sometimes rather warm discussion followed, in the course of which certain embarrassing points of form arose, and ultimately the Chairman was ordered to report progress, leaving the vote in suspense.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE PLAGUE IN RUSSIA.

The Bishop of OXFORD asked whether the Government had had its attention directed to reports in the public journals in reference to the plague in Russia, which appeared to have made rapid progress across Asia, and was threatening Western Europe.

Earl GRANVILLE said the attention of the Government had been called to the subject, and that Earl Russell had instructed our consular agents in Russia to furnish all the information respecting it that they could procure.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS BILL.

The Earl of CLARENDON intimated that, after consultation with his colleagues in the Government, he had determined to refer the bill to a Select Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

There not being forty members present when the Speaker took the chair, the House was adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The O'Donoghue gave notice that, on the 25th of April, he should move an address to the Queen praying that a charter of incorporation might be granted to the Roman Catholic University of Ireland.

The Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees (Ireland) Bill—the real object of which is to exempt “Irish gentlemen who will not work,” but prefer levying black mail upon the public in rural districts, from the penalties attaching to their lawless and freebooting propensities—was read a second time, upon the understanding that discussion should be taken on the details in Committee.

The Metropolitan Houseless Poor Bill passed through Committee, after an amendment had been introduced, on the motion of Mr. Ayrton, to make it a permanent measure.

On the motion of Colonel Taylor, a new writ was ordered to issue for the election of a member for South Shropshire, in the room of Lord Newport, called to the House of Peers by the title of the Earl of Bradford.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

REGISTRATION OF LAND IN IRELAND.

The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced a bill for the amendment of the law regulating the registration of land in Ireland. The bill proposed to give the Landed Estates Court in Ireland the same power as the English Courts possessed so far as they were able to continue the record.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WIMBLEDON-COMMON BILL.

Lord BURY moved the second reading of this bill. He said that formerly Wimbledon-common was a dismal swamp, and in many respects a very disreputable place. Since the volunteers had gone there the place had greatly improved, and now Lord Spencer was willing to give up a certain portion of it to the public, and sell the remainder on his own behalf. (Coloured maps were circulated amongst members showing the portions proposed to be reserved and sold.)

Mr. COX moved as an amendment that the bill be read a second time that day six months.

Mr. DRAX seconded the amendment.

Several hon. members having spoken, the house was cleared for a division; but the amendment was not pressed, and the bill was read a second time, the discussion upon it having lasted an hour and a half.

COLONIAL BISHOPS.

In answer to Mr. H. Seymour, Mr. CARDWELL said the patents of the colonial Bishops were now being examined, with a view of submitting a case to the law officers of the Crown.

THE NEW DISEASE IN RUSSIA.

In reply to Sir J. Pakington, Sir G. GREY said, on receiving the first intimation of the existence of the disease referred to, the Government immediately sent out instructions to Sir A. Buchanan to make strict inquiries and to report at once on its origin, nature, and progress. The right hon. gentleman read telegrams, some of them received that very day, from St. Petersburg, Berlin, Copenhagen, Dantzic, Königsberg, and other places, from which it appeared that there was not so much danger as was at first apprehended, either from a spreading of the pestilence or from its virulence and operation.

THE DEFENCES OF CANADA.

Lord ELCHO moved for copies of papers and extracts of correspondence relative to the proposed Canadian defences, and the share of the total cost which was to be respectively borne by Canada and the United Kingdom.

The motion, after a lengthened discussion, was withdrawn.

SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply upon the Army Estimates, which occupied the remainder of the sitting.

THE MARRIAGE OF MDLE. HAUSSMANN.

It is out of no disrespect to the Emperor of the French that we declare M. Haussmann to be the greatest person in Paris. At his nod houses fall; at a wave of his hand new mansions arise, or new streets open out in the site of bygone slums or blind alleys. Go out for a morning walk, and on your return you may discover that M. Haussmann has called in your absence and left your domicile a heap of ruins or erased it from the face of the earth. Just as Napoleon I. was said to “make the quatern loaf and Luddites rise, and fill the butchers' shops with large blue flies,” so M. Haussmann is the cause of the high rents, the want of accommodation, and half the inconvenience and expense of a residence in the French capital.

The fact is that M. Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, is at the head of all those marvellous improvements which have gone far towards converting Paris into a city of palaces, and is an official of such importance that we can scarcely wonder when we learn that the marriage of his daughter with the Vicomte Maurice Perety has been attended by a series of fêtes and ceremonies adapted to so distinguished an alliance.

These ceremonies commenced with the congratulations of the Municipal Council, who waited on the Baron and Baroness Haussmann in order to offer their best wishes, on which occasion M. Dumas, the president, delivered an appropriate address. On a subsequent Sunday the Baron gave a grand ball to the whole of his people in the throne-room at the Hotel de Ville. On the following Tuesday he received the Mayors who came to compliment him; and on the same day the civil marriage was celebrated in the throne-room by M. Drouin, Mayor of the fourth arrondissement and registrar of the civic government. The witnesses for Mdle. Haussmann were M. Dumas, president of the municipal council, and M. Boitelle, prefect of police; the witnesses for the bridegroom were the Duc de Persigny and M. Henri Poisson.

The religious ceremony followed at two o'clock in the oratory in the Rue St. Honoré, and in the evening a banquet for ninety-five

guests was laid in the throne-room of the Hotel de Ville, and followed by a ball to which intimate friends only were invited. It was here that the ceremony represented in our Engraving took place. The guests, who entered by the grand staircase, were received by the Baron and Baroness and the “happy young couple,” who stood at the entrance of the Art-gallery. On a table at the end of the room lay the marriage contract, to which every distinguished visitor was invited to append his or her signature.

The supper which terminated the proceedings was a topic of conversation for at least twelve hours afterwards; and if this is not immortality in Paris, one would like to know what is. Forty-five tables of eight covers each, disposed in three rows, in the magnificent gallery, and decorated like a dream of “The Arabian Nights.” All the cream of Parisian society were there: marshals, princes, and ambassadors elbowing each other—or, rather, would have elbowed each other had there not been ample accommodation; and the *menu* is a literary curiosity, recalling gastronomic sentiments but too seldom evoked.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

(In all cases to be paid in advance.)

Stamped Edition, to go free by post.

Three months, 4s. 4d.; Six Months, 8s. 8d.; Twelve Months, 17s. 4d.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to THOMAS FOX, Strand Branch.

Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies.

Office: 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.



SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

LONDON PURIFIED.

“CLEANLINESS is next to godliness.” So says the proverb; and we quite agree. Physical foulness is as incompatible with moral purity as it is with sound health. People living in an atmosphere physically impure, speedily become tainted in their morals as well as in their manners and habits. Dirt and vice are all but synonymous terms. To purify a people's morals, we must first begin by improving their physical condition. These are truisms of which everyone is aware, and with which it is always easy to round a period. But does it necessarily follow that moral purity must accompany physical cleanness? We know that people cannot be good and healthy while they are dirty. But will they become good when they are clean and healthy? We hope so. At any rate, that is the problem to work out which is now the great task before us dwellers in London. Our city is now the best drained, and is therefore the cleanest, and ought to be the most healthy, physically and morally, in the world. The British metropolis has long occupied an enviable position in the comparative statistics of bodily health. Her rate of mortality has generally been lower than that of most other large cities. What has been her place in moral statistics, we will not now stop to inquire; but, as she is now the cleanest city in existence, it is to be hoped that the other characteristic—godliness—named in the proverb which we quoted at the outset, will also distinguish her. At all events, she has now made a great step in cleanliness, and has no excuse for being foul in any sense.

Tuesday, the 4th of April, 1865, will always be memorable in the annals of the British metropolis, for on that day was nominally completed the greatest work of city drainage, and therefore of purification, that has ever been attempted since the construction of the mighty drainage culverts of old Rome. And it is not a little remarkable that such a work should have been attempted only in the capital of the most practical people of the modern, as it was in that of the most practical people of the ancient, world, Ancient Rome and modern London are the only two cities known to history in which main drainage on a sufficiently extensive and systematic scale has ever been undertaken and accomplished. To equal the old Romans in works of practical utility is a proud thing indeed; and it is a boast which we in England are entitled to make. Mr. Bazalgette's main sewers will stand comparison with the culverts the first of which were constructed for Rome by Tarquinius Priscus—at least in extent if not in actual dimensions. Our railways surpass the best roads the Romans ever made; and in deepening and rendering navigable our rivers, the citizens of the seven-hilled city in no respect approached us. May we never approach the degree of moral corruption which defiled the Romans in the later days of their power! And, while we pride ourselves upon the improvements we effect, let us not forget that all these improvements are clogged with serious drawbacks. We have constructed excellent iron highways, but we manage the traffic upon them but indifferently. We deepen our rivers at one point while we silt them up and foul them at another. We get rid of the sewage of our cities and large towns only to make its pestiferous effects reappear elsewhere in an aggravated form. The city of London itself has hitherto been cleansed at the expense of making the Thames a huge sewer filled with filth, from which emanated miasma, disease, and death. And even now, when we have taken measures to purify the upper reaches of the stream and banished the mischief from our own door, we have, we fear, only removed it a step and thrown an intolerable nuisance upon the residents on the coast below the points of outfall. In what condition in future will the estuary of the Thames be at Gravesend, and Barking, and Southend, and Sheerness? Far, we fear, from being innocuous or of a pleasant odour.

The vast main drainage system which was practically completed on Tuesday last will, doubtless, accomplish much for the metropolis. But another, and perhaps even a greater,

task has yet to be performed. We must not be content with getting rid of the sewage ourselves; we must not rest till we have relieved everyone else further down the stream of the inconvenience; and, if possible, till we have converted that which has hitherto been, and is still, a nuisance into a benefit and a source of profit. The utilisation of the London sewage—the laying it out on the soil and converting it into a fertiliser and reproducer of food—is the next great task to which leading minds amongst us must apply themselves. All are agreed that sewage is a most valuable article, and ought not to be wasted; and surely from among the many schemes for utilising it one practicable measure may be selected or evolved. This is a work still to be undertaken. At present our task is only half performed.

We write in this strain not to detract from the greatness of the work which has just been all but completed in this city, or to undervalue the benefits which are certain to flow from it; but to guard against the notion which seems to have taken possession of the popular mind, that we have now completely rid ourselves of our sewage, and need trouble ourselves no more about it. If we are not mistaken, it will ere long be found that the snake has been “only scotched, not killed,” and that the question will again crop up in another form. In the mean time we have unquestionably accomplished a vast and valuable improvement, well worthy the immense sum it has cost. But we must not be satisfied with that while more remains to be done. A pestilence is approaching us on the usual route of such visitations—from the East, across Russia and Germany. The effectual drainage which London now possesses will be a great safeguard against its ravages should this pestilence reach our shores. But that very drainage will probably render more pestiferous than ever the road by which the disease now depopulating St. Petersburg will make its way to us. With the lower reaches of the Thames foul, this new pestilence, which will probably make its entry by the river, will find a lodgment in the towns on the estuary, and will thence extend its ravages to the metropolis itself. Our better drainage and consequent cleanliness may mitigate the scourge, but will not altogether ward it off. It is in the hope of keeping the public mind alive to this fact that we have penned these lines. We may not be able to do more to avert the mischief for the present; but let us not forget that the task is one which we must set ourselves to accomplish in the future.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES held his third Levée for the season on Wednesday. The Levée was numerous and brilliant.

THE POPE has just nominated twenty-seven bishops. No nomination, however, has yet been made of a successor to Cardinal Wiseman.

FRANCIS II., ex-King of Naples, is, it is said, contemplating breaking up his establishment and leaving Rome, and preparatory inventories of the furniture and effects in the Farnese Palace are being drawn up.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BOURNE, of Heathfield House, Lancashire, Conservative, has been returned member of Parliament for the borough of Evesham without opposition.

MR. JOHN CASSELL, the well-known publisher, died on Sunday afternoon.

MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON is lying seriously ill in Edinburgh.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA has sanctioned a grant of two lacs and 65,000 rupees for repairing the damages of the port of Calcutta caused by the cyclone.

BEES AND BUTTERFLIES made their appearance in great numbers in the New Forest on Saturday last.

MR. THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, who professed his intention to support Lord Palmerston, was returned for North Devon, on Saturday last, without opposition.

DR. LUSHINGTON is again incapacitated by illness from presiding in the Admiralty Court. Few men have performed a greater amount of hard work or have achieved greater judicial eminence than this venerable judge.

AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF POETRY BY CAMOENS, the Portuguese poet, author of the “Lusiad,” has just been discovered, at Coimbra, by M. Justin Hantherot, a French savant.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, late banker, is now residing at Gustard Wood, Wheathampstead, about eight miles from St. Albans, and has commenced the business of a wine and spirit merchant.

A LITIGANT, who had been mulcted in heavy damages and costs in a civil cause, said his case had been heard in the nice price (Nisi Prius) court.

THE SPLENDID COLLECTION OF PICTURES known as the Bridgewater Gallery was opened on Saturday to visitors, and the same privilege will be accorded during the season. There was a very large attendance.

IN POLAND AND LITHUANIA such is the depreciation of real property that estates are offered for, comparatively, next to nothing, and yet fail to find purchasers.

THE DEBATE IN THE SPANISH CONGRESS on the bill for the abandonment of San Domingo closed on Saturday last. The bill was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

DR. SPRATT, of Old Cavendish-street, London, in a letter to a metropolitan journal, intimates that many people obtain skin diseases by playing with mangy dogs.

A GOAT walked unnoticed up the steps of the House of Lords a few days ago, and it is stated, succeeded in making its way into the house and lying down on a seat.

A MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF GERMAN SINGERS is to take place at Dresden in the course of the summer. Not fewer than 16,600 are asserted to be already announced, of whom 8000 will come from Saxony and 3500 from Prussia. It is thought that 24,000 in all will attend.

FIVE HUNDRED PERSONS, formerly engaged in blockade-running, are said to have arrived at New York from West India ports, en route for England.

THE PAINTER TROYON, whose death was recently announced, has left a fortune of 1,200,000*fr.*, to which he instituted his mother universal legatee. To a friend he leaves 2500*fr.* a year, to revert to the Association of Artists at his death.

AT THE KINGSTON ASSIZES, last week, a verdict for £5550 was obtained against the South-Eastern Railway Company by Mr. Browne, a literary gentleman, for injuries sustained by him through the accident in the Blackheath tunnel last year.

AT HOBOKEN, near New York, Colonel Baker, recruiting officer, recently seized 700 “bounty jumpers” and brokers, and sent them all off to prison.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE on Commons and Open Spaces have (according to a contemporary) agreed in recommending that no portion of Wimbledon-common should be inclosed, or sold, or dealt with in any manner that may interfere with its free and unrestricted use by the public.

MONTEVIDEO surrendered to General Flores on the 28th of February, and was immediately occupied by the Brazilian forces. Peace is reported to have resulted from this circumstance. General Flores had temporarily accepted the presidency.

LORD PALMERSTON, on Saturday evening, distributed the prizes and awards to the successful exhibitors at the South London Exhibition. After the distribution he delivered a brief speech, in which he described the ceremony as one of the most interesting he had ever witnessed. The exhibition has been most successful.

THE POLICE COMMITTEE OF THE CITY OF LONDON have agreed to recommend for the sanction of the Court of Common Council a new scale of wages for all constables, sergeants, and inspectors of the City police force. It is proposed that the constables shall be divided into three classes, with rates of pay ranging from a minimum of 21*s.* a week up to 27*s.* 6*d.*; that sergeants shall receive a corresponding increase of pay, and inspectors an additional 10*s.* per week.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

"How charming is Divine philosophy!" sings Milton in his masque of "Comus," and this is well. But then we must take care that we get sterling and not base metal: philosophy and not phee-losophy, as Cobbet used to call the counterfeit in opposition to the true coin. This caution is suggested by a conversation which I had with a political friend of mine the other day. He had the *Pall Mall Gazette* in his hand when I crossed his path, and exclaimed, in angry tones, "How I do hate these philosophers, who, as soon as a man is dead, begin to anatomise his mind as a surgeon cuts up a body!" "No," said I, "you do not hate true philosophers. It is the false that you hate. But what is the matter?" "Matter!" said he; "why, look at this," handing me the *Pall Mall*, "this man, no doubt, is what you would call a philosopher, and see what work he makes of our dear friend Cobden." I took the paper, and, having read it, I replied, "This, my friend, is not true philosophy;" and then I analysed the work of the analyst and proved my point, and now I will give the passage and the analysis thereof:—

In truth Mr. Cobden had one quality which, though perhaps closely connected with the sources both of his attractiveness and his power, was an unfortunate one for a public man. He was acutely sensitive, as well as terribly in earnest. So long as he was fighting a battle in which his course was clear—in which right and truth were indisputably on his side—on which every day's discussion and inquiry threw fresh light—in which all his fellow-labourers and fellow-soldiers agreed with him, and he had only avowed antagonists to deal with, and in which ultimate victory was certain—he was calm, confident, patient, and self-possessed. And his quietness and courtesy of bearing increased in a most noticeable manner year by year, as his case became clearer, his arguments more obviously cogent, and the victory more distinctly near. It was after 1846 when he found that those who had echoed every word he said about the corn laws and free trade, did in no wise agree with him about the national defences—that his lucid statements and crushing syllogisms no longer carried conviction to his hearers' minds—that, for some reason or other, which he never could clearly understand, he was no longer in tune with those around him, it was then that he became vehement and somewhat petulant under what he fancied the stupidity or the class-interests of those who thwarted him, and pained his friends by the mistakes into which vexation and opposition sometimes hurried him. He was always best and gentlest in sunshine. The great conquest of 1846 showed him at his brightest, and the general gratitude and applause which greeted his French treaty almost restored him to the placidity of sixteen years before.

This is the passage in question, and now for my analysis, premising that I also, like this writer, knew Cobden well, and have known him every day since 1845. In the first place, Cobden was, as far as I recollect, never "somewhat petulant" until disease had got him in its grip, and but rarely then; and my philosophy is that, if he ever was petulant, his petulance was to be attributed to disease. Has the writer of the above paragraph ever had a throat disease? I should think not, or he would have known that, of all the ills that flesh is heir to, this is one of the most irritating to the mind. But the writer's reasoning is obviously wrong. He says that "when right and truth were indisputably on his side," &c., "he was calm, confident, patient, and self-possessed." When was this? He was calm, confident, patient, and self-possessed when he began to fight the battle of free trade; but were right and truth indisputably on his side then? But, says the writer, in effect, when he found that his old friends could not agree with him on the subject of the national defences, and his lucid statements and crushing syllogisms no longer carried conviction to his hearers' minds, it was then that he became vehement and somewhat petulant, &c. Now, in the first place, Mr. Cobden never objected to national defences; but he thought that these ought to be ships, and not land forts and fortifications. Secondly, that his lucid statements and his crushing syllogisms on this subject carried conviction to quite as many minds as he ever convinced in the first few years of his free-trade campaign. And here, by-the-way, let me notice that if his statements were really "lucid" and his syllogisms really "crushing," they ought to have carried conviction to all, this writer included. But Cobden was "always best and gentlest in sunshine." What does this compliment mean? Cobden never loomed so grandly upon the world as he did in the years '42 to '47, when such a storm raged round him as no man was ever exposed to before, and he never was better and gentler than then. The simple fact is, as I have said, that Mr. Cobden was rarely, if ever, petulant. I never saw him petulant, and certainly he was never so till after he had fallen into that forecasted shadow which has now, alas! wrapped him away from us for ever. With respect to those "national defences," I suspect, that time will soon prove that Cobden was right. It is openly confessed now that the works at Alderney are a failure, and are only to be finished because we have already laid out so much money there. And only the other day a celebrated engineer said to me, "Depend upon it, if Palmerston should die before those works at Spithead and Portsmouth are finished, they will never be completed at all." This writer speaks as if Cobden stood alone in opposition to these works; but the fact is that he had a considerable minority with him, including several military officers, and always Major-General Sir Frederick Smith, of the Royal Engineers. But one word more. We are told that Mr. Cobden was "acutely sensitive, as well as terribly in earnest." Well, this is true. Men terribly in earnest are generally acutely sensitive. But if the writer means by sensitive that he was irritable, I deny it. When he was in health he was not irritable; and if the writer means, as he appears to mean, that there was a natural connection between our friend's sensitiveness (meaning irritability) and his earnestness, he answers himself; for in that arduous battle for free trade he was certainly terribly in earnest, and, according to the writer's own showing, not irritable.

The Royal Academy conversation of the Langham Club took place on the 1st, and was largely attended. Of the pictures going to Trafalgar-square I have elsewhere spoken; but I may mention here that some charming water colours shown on this occasion hold out considerable promise for the coming water-colour exhibition, old and new. Among the portfolios was a very interesting one. It contained a number of sketches, done in two hours on a Friday sketching-night by the members of the society, and presented to that most indefatigable and kindly of secretaries, Mr. H. C. Pidgeon. The present is a valuable one, containing drawings and paintings by some of the most rising men of the day—works of which the worth is increased by the fact that they were dashed off in two hours and untouched subsequently, in accordance with the rules of the club. The attention was a very delicate one and the gift valuable; but if ever a secretary has earned such a warm and sincere appreciation and so decided a popularity for the dextrous and amiable performance of difficult duties, that secretary is Mr. Pidgeon, himself an artist of some position in the Institute of Painters in Water Colour, at the exhibition of which society my readers will see a very excellent view on the Cornish coast, painted by him.

Mr. Neville Barnard, whose posthumous bust of Thackeray has added so much to his previously well-earned reputation, has, by special permission, moulded the features of the late lamented Richard Cobden, with a view to the production of a bust in marble.

Adaptations from the French have been of late so frequent on our London stage that people are beginning to have their doubts even about our own Shakespeare. I heard of two men staring, last week, at the playbills outside Drury Lane Theatre. "Julius Caesar" read one. "Yes," said the other—evidently a knowing fellow with a reputation for having heard the chimes at midnight—"An adaptation from the new book by the Emperor of the French!"

LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

In *Blackwood*, the "Etoniana" are concluded, and in a very entertaining paper. Of course, William Sydney Walker turns up again. By-the-way, I remember there was a "Life" of him published in 1852. Was it dull, or deficient in character, or what? Nobody ever seems to hear of it; but a memoir of the man at once tender and spirited would, probably, be a successful and not useless book. Walker was the man who clapped his hands in the face of a pretty girl in a ball-room. "Sir," said Macaulay (who has not read the anecdote?), "it was the joy of a savage at the sight of a tea-

penny-nail." The general reader may like to see a few lines about Walker's extraordinary memory:—

Before he was sent to Eton, he "had read history extensively" at five years old. At Eton, the feats of genius recorded of him would seem quite as apocryphal, if they were not formally vouched for by living witnesses. He could repeat the whole of Homer, Horace, and Virgil by heart, says an Eton witness before the Royal Commissioners, and not only that but "He could be called up in school, having an English Shakespeare in his hand [instead of the proper book], and take up a lesson anywhere that it might be going on; he could construe a passage expression by expression, parse it word by word, answer any question that was asked him, and afterwards sit down to his Shakespeare."

Some one once told Sir J. Mackintosh that Walker "could turn anything into Greek verse." Sir James proposed a page of the *Court Guide*, and it was done. To such a boy, of course, the usual "penna" of lines from a Greek or Latin poet to learn by heart could be no kind of punishment at all; so that, when his peculiar powers had once been discovered, Greek verses were set him instead.

This about Ash Wednesday at Eton is truly delightful:—

Ash Wednesday used to be a day of even greater mortification at Eton than elsewhere. Besides the regular work of a whole school day, there was the special service in chapel, and formerly also a lecture from one of the fellows, so that the boys had scarcely half an hour to themselves. The cause assigned for this was not any special ecclesiastical strictness, but to prevent the school from attending the Eton pig fair, held on that day. The pigs used to be penned in the public road fronting the dames' and tutors' houses—an arrangement which subjected the unhappy animals to many indignities, a protruding tail being occasionally cut off and carried away as a trophy. This, as might be expected, led to desperate battles with the pig-drovers. The Windsor fairs are even to this day the scene of occasional "rows" with the showmen and populace, though the hostilities are not so systematic as formerly, when a whole troop of strolling players—clowns, heroes in armour, and even "ladies" in tights and spangles—might be seen to descend from their outside stage, stung beyond endurance by crackers and pea-shooters, and engage in a hand-to-hand fight with their assailants below. Windsor Fair, it should be said, is strictly "out of bounds;" for which reason, we are told by one of the masters in his evidence, "every boy in the school makes it a point of honour to go;" no real attempt is made to stop the practice, but (probably as a point of honour on the side of the masters) "one or two lower boys who are unlucky enough to get caught are severely punished."

"Piccadilly: An Episode of Contemporaneous Biography," is, I have already said, excellent. Here is a passage concerning the Lord Chancellor, which is an oblique compliment to the extraordinary lucidity of his brain. By-the-by, his face, with the wig on, bears a striking resemblance to that of Paley:—

"Talking of committees," I went on, "how confused the Lord Chancellor must be between them all. He must be very apt to forget when he is 'sitting' and when he is being 'sat upon.' If he had not the clearest possible head, he would be proving to the world that the Bishop of Capetown, and that he was justified in giving Dr. Colenso a large retiring pension. What with having to quote texts in one committee-room, and arithmetic in another, and having to explain the law of God, the law of the land, and his own conduct alternately, it is a miracle that he does not get a softening of the brain."

To this must be added all the ordinary law business of the Chancellor. Just think of his delivering three "judgments" in a day, perfect law, perfect English, and perfectly plain "to the meanest capacity"—one upon a patent for moire antique, one upon an intricate case of Scotch pleading about Goodness knows what, and one upon a patent for a new screw-propeller!

The *Cornhill* contains, among other good matter, an article reviving the old cry for experienced professional nurses, of delicate culture. There is no doubt that average nursery is as bad as average cookery; people do not lay sufficient stress upon trifles, either in the preparation of food or in attending to the sick. Apropos! There is a drawing in *London Society* this month of "Margaret Ormiston as a Sick Nurse;" and Margaret is represented as doing the very thing a nurse should not do—she is leaning on the bed with her hands. To return to the *Cornhill*, Mrs. Gaskell's story of "Wives and Daughters" is still the great charm of the magazine. It is worth ten thousand Armadales—*absit omen!*—though that, too, is good in its own conjuring way. The article on the "Demoniacal Possessions" in the Savoyard parish of Morzine is not, perhaps, useless; but it is very crude. "Demoniacal possession," with all the usual varied symptoms, has existed in an epidemic form in the valley of Morzine for the last eight years, and neither doctor nor prefect can make much of it. Now, here is a chance for a traveller. Wanted, a special commissioner to examine and report on the bad spirits of Morzine! Lord Houghton contributes some reminiscences of Cardinal Wiseman, which some people will find interesting; and there is a neat paper about literary shoppings—in other words, the vulgar small-talk of journalistic people given to personal puffery.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* has greatly improved of late. The sketches of "Old Yorkshire Religious Life," by Prebendary Jackson, are as interesting as anything to be found in the month's magazines. The paper on Mr. Browning's "Dramatis Personæ" is full of fine intelligence and high feeling. There is also a very interesting little article about William Penn. I warmly recommend the number.

Temple Bar begins in this number a new story, "Land at Last," by Mr. Yates. Miss Braddon's bashful curate, dipping, with the sugar tongs for a bit of sugar, "like a short-sighted bird," and otherwise making himself ridiculous, is very highly sketched; and if anybody is under the impression that the lady has given up sensational effects, he is mistaken. For how do you think "Sir Jasper's Tenant" winds up this month?—Presently, shuddering from head to foot, she knelt upon the hearthrug and drew the poker from the burning coals. Her face was horribly distorted as she grasped—"And further this deponent saith not. "Muscular Gents" is a medley which has, at the end, some criticism upon Mr. G. Berkeley's book. Is the writer aware that another name than Dr. Magin's has been plausibly and positively associated with the "scandal," which he rightly says it was too bad to restate? But I cannot allow that anybody who is likely to read Berkeley's book is likely to be ignorant of the scandal.

Macmillan is (as it generally is) good, genial-earnest reading; but it is just a little heavy, surely? However, Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his paper on "The Danger of War with America" and the beautiful story "A Son of the Soil" are quite enough to make the number worth reading. The latter is, I suppose, finished; for Colin is married—to a woman he does not love. Miss Rossetti can write poetry, but her "Spring Fancies" are affected and clumsy, containing only one good verse, "All the world is out in leaf," &c.

London Society is really amusing. Mr. Brunton's sketches of witnesses in the law courts are very lifelike. "The Ingenious Wobbler" is worth something, merely as a title; but the story itself is not so good. Will nobody write an essay on Wobbling? It is a Magnificent Theme! So is that of marrying by advertisement, which is started but not discussed in another article in the present number of this magazine.

The *Popular Science Review* contains so much curious information that it claims a leisurely word by itself another day.

THE LOUNGER AT THE STUDIOS.

The last touches have been put now. Palette and brushes are laid by for a while, after the extra pressure of the last few weeks, and the artists snatch a little repose. The time goes much too rapidly as sending-in day draws near, and the gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, how little do they think upon the toil of such a squeeze!

Let us see what the result of these labours is. Sir Edwin Landseer is to be pretty largely represented in Trafalgar-square this year, I imagine. Mr. Frith gives us what will be one of the sensation pictures—the Royal marriage; and the portrait of one of our sensation writers—Miss Braddon. Mr. Philip is to send a vast canvas (rumour talks, about 16 ft.); the incident selected is one which is just in Mr. Philip's vein—"Murillo Exhibiting his Pictures in the Streets of Madrid." Mr. Leighton has been engaged on a large work, and Mr. Macleise will probably exhibit a copy of "The Death of Nelson," which he has nearly completed at Westminster. Mr. Millais's contribution is a painting, the design for which has appeared among his illustrations of "The Parables," which were published in *Good Words*. Those who have noticed these happy specimens of his style will remember the particular design selected—"The Devil Sowing Tares." Mr. Ward is expected to be represented by a large

painting of "The Murder of Rizzio." Report says that Mrs. Ward is also to send a painting this year. Mr. Ansell has chosen for his theme that romantic vagabond "The Poacher." Let us hope he will point the moral as forcibly as the Vicar of Eversley.

Mr. Marks has sent two pictures—"The beggars are Coming to Town" and "Feeble, the Woman's Tailor." I am sorry to hear that Mr. Calderon has been unable to complete his large picture, "The Child-Queen"—a delightful theme, and he will, therefore, only be seen in one or two small canvasses.

Mr. Yeames has painted "The Young Knight" being armed for the coming fray. Mr. Wyburd has sent in a picture with a very happy title, "Charity at the Church-door." Mr. Leslie's theme is a Cavalier one—"The Raising of the Standard at Latham House." Mr. Rossiter has selected an incident from about the same period—"The Arrest of a Royalist Gentleman," whose child is being privately baptized at the moment when his captors enter.

"The Last Kiss," a picture by Miss Ellen Edwards, is likely to attract considerable attention, should it by any chance obtain a good place. Mr. Beavis has depicted "A Military Train Crossing Sands at Low Water."

Mr. Leader has sent in two beautiful views. Mr. Hayes has contented himself with a small view of Dublin Breakwater. Mr. Dillon's principal subject will be a scene on the Nile. Mr. Mawley's chief picture is a sunset glowing over a wooded valley. Mr. Mogford sends in two large Cornish views. Mr. Fitzgerald's picture represents two little girls bringing flowers for the Easter decoration of the altar to an old, grey-bearded father. A couple of pictures in France, by Mr. C. J. Lewis, will probably be popular; and, should they chance to be hung well, we may expect to hear favourably of Mr. White's "Advice Gratis," and two pictures, the "Study of a Head" and some "Children Sailing a Boat."

Mr. Whistler will probably have two pictures on the walls—a woman in white and a Japanese lady.

The fashionable as well as the artistic world will look forward to seeing Mr. Desanges' portrait of the Princess of Wales. Mr. Marcus Stone sends a new version of *L'Auto da Fé*; Mr. O'Neil the old story of Canute and his courtiers.

We shall not look in vain for landscapes by Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Creswick, or for the delicious portraits of children which Mr. Sant paints so admirably. One of the infant son of the well-known Mr. Coombe will attract attention. Mr. G. Sant will be represented by a landscape in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Elmore's picture is a gambling scene, where a woman who has been indulging in the tempting play has reason to say, with Francis, "Tout est perdue fors l'honneur," and that is almost gone.

Mr. Sandys, whose name I have reserved till last, to preserve a *bonne bouche* for my readers, has sent two pictures, which will be looked for with interest and found with delight. The smaller is a spirited head of Cassandra; the larger subject is "Spring," a young and beautiful damsel in white attire, who has tripped up through a blossoming orchard to fling her lapful of flowers at our feet with a smile of surpassing sweetness.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

AT DRURY LANE Mr. Tom Taylor's excellent adaptation of Victor Hugo's famous play of "Le Roi s'Amuse" has been revived. "The Fool's Revenge" has been received with great favour. Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and Mr. Edmund Phelps support Mr. Phelps with great judgment and discrimination.

The new drama in which Mr. Fechter is to appear at Easter, at the LYCEUM, is our old friend "Belphegor." For the fresh adaptation we are to be indebted to the practised and polished pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson. I hear that Master Paul Fechter, son to the celebrated tragedian, is to make his first appearance on any stage in this latest edition of "Pailiassie."

I wonder if sensation advertisements really do any good to theatres? If one individual person goes to the HAYMARKET to see "The Woman in Mauve," in consequence of the gilded frames, and comic letters, and mauve lozenges we see upon the hoardings, who would not go if they only read the usual announcements? We have all seen in the papers lately the word "Pirithous—Who? When? What? Where? Which? If? Therefore, So! Oh! Ho! Yes! Booh!" &c. I suppose that these mysterious announcements do no end of good somehow and somewhere. People who have never in their lives visited theatres will rush to see what is "Pirithous—What? When? Where?" &c. Bedridden dowagers will order their carriages, and cripples will stump upon their crutches rather than resist the longings of unsatisfied curiosity.

"Pirithous" is the title of a burlesque, shortly to be brought out at the NEW ROYALTY, by Mr. F. C. Burnand. Report speaks highly of this talented gentleman's latest production.

Apropos of sensation advertising, I heard an anecdote the other day. In some provincial town or other the theatre was suffering severely from a want of auditors, notwithstanding which the manager—true to a policy of falsehood by far too common in the present day—placarded the front of his theatre every evening with the words, "Fit full!" "Only standing-room in the boxes!" &c. Mr. Howard Paul, who was giving his entertainment at the Town-hall, or Assembly Rooms, or wherever it was, close by to full house, took a leaf from out the manager's book. Throughout the day he hung outside the hall a poster containing the words "Very empty!" No sooner were the doors opened than a placard announced "Two in the gallery!" Ten minutes after bystanders were informed that there were "Sufficient in to form an audience," and then a fourth placard stated that there was "Room to lie down in any part of the house." The entertainment was hardly over ere a fifth board appeared, whereon was written, "Not a soul in yet for to-morrow night's performance!"

Of the new comedietta, "Always Intended," which now precedes "Settling Day" at the OLYMPIC, I will give an account in your next Impression.

"Cross Purposes," the new *lever de rideau* at the STRAND, is a very pleasant little piece. Its interest hinges on a gentleman so bashful that he is unaware of the existence of his own passion. Mr. Hartright (Mr. Parselle) is confidential clerk to a rich merchant, Mr. Goodman (Mr. H. J. Turner). Laura Goodman (Miss Milly Palmer) has been brought up from childhood with Hartright, and loves him desperately. Hartright is duped, and mistakes her wilful, girlish humours and coquetry for dislike. The Hon. Poynton Lascelles (Mr. Collier) appears upon the scene, flirts with Laura, and rouses in the heart of the clerk a tempest of jealousy. Laura sees how much Hartright loves her; and, after a number of those trials to which lovers both on and off the stage are subjected, the Hon. Poynton Lascelles withdraws his suit, and the curtain falls with a promise of white lace and orange-blossoms. Mr. Turner and Mr. Collier played with their usual ability, and Mr. Parselle acted the too unready and too impulsive clerk excellently. The honours of the evening were due to Miss Milly Palmer for her performance of Laura. To a charming appearance and a sweet and flexible voice, this young lady gives the additional charm of artlessness of manner—*freshness* is the word usually employed to denote the quality I mean. I think, the opportunity given, Miss Palmer will prove herself equal to characters in pieces of higher importance than those in which she has already given such marked evidences of ability.

A new sensation drama, by Mr. J. B. Johnstone, is in rehearsal at ASTLEY'S.

Mr. Frederick Robson, the son of the late gifted manager of the Olympic, Masaniello and Medea Robson, is to appear shortly at the ST. JAMES'S. Considerable interest is felt in the debut of this young gentleman.

THE EASTER MUSTER OF VOLUNTEERS at Brighton will be placed under the command of Sir Robert Walpole, the Commandant at Chatham. The brigadiers will be taken, as is usual, from among the most distinguished officers of the volunteer corps. The military arrangements are under Lieutenant-Colonel Hawkins, traffic-manager of the Brighton line, and the new corps of Railway Engineer Volunteers will, for the first time, have their services brought into requisition.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE BESIEGED FOREST LODGE.

(Continued from page 203.)

V.—A REVOLUTION AND A REINFORCEMENT.

THE news of what had occurred to the poachers in the forest had scarcely been brought into the town that morning by Gottlieb Schulze, one of the most worthless vagabonds in the place—and who, by-the-way, was not seriously wounded—and that the keepers had shot a "fellow-citizen," than a perfect tumult burst forth. Some rushed off to the church and holloed out the news there; others ran to the wineshops, where they found far greater numbers assembled. In scarcely half an hour there was a large band collected, who marched off into the wood to look for the dead man. They found him just where the foresters had left him, but they could discover no trace of the doe that had been shot, or of the guns. Some of them proposed that they should instantly proceed to the lodge and take vengeance on the "murderers." Fortunately, however, they were for the moment without arms; and, besides this, they knew they would be received by three foresters and two beaters, abundantly provided with firearms and ammunition.

Still more embittered by this fact, and bearing along with them the corpse on a hastily-made bier, the multitude rolled back to the town, organised in a short time a regular troop, with a captain and lieutenant, and then required the burgomaster to deliver to them the muskets and ammunition which had arrived a short time previously for a national guard about to be organised.

As a matter of course, their demand was refused. The burgomaster employed the most reasonable arguments, and called upon them, if they thought themselves in the right, to take legal proceedings against the keeper for what had happened. Malignant abuse of himself and the courts of law followed, as a matter of course, and, on his attempting to have two or three of the most barefaced among them arrested, the fury of the mob was turned against himself. Speeches were made in the market-place; a black, red, and golden flag, hastily tacked together, was, as in thousands of other places, degraded by being carried before disorder and mere revolt; and the band was not ashamed to commit the most abominable excesses under these honourable colours.

In the first place, and as if to pluck up courage, they assembled before the wineshop, and tossed off large quantities of spirituous drinks; then, as a commencement of hostilities, they smashed the windows of the police office, demolished the residences of two clerks and of the assessor, and marched off to the house of the burgomaster, to compel him to open the prisons and to deliver up the weapons. On his refusing to accede to either of these demands, they stormed the house, with the intention, as they threatened, at least under the windows, of hanging the burgomaster, as a warning to others, upon the nearest lamp-post.

Fortunately, the burgomaster, dreading something of the kind, had, the same morning, sent his family over the frontier to Bruxdorf, to his brother, who was the priest there. He now endeavoured to flee thither himself. But, not finding him in his house, the insurgents cut off his escape by passing guards at different points along the road, and then plundered his property. From a shed where he had sought refuge he was a witness of pretty nearly all that was going forward, and even heard the deliberations of the villains, a part of whom wanted to march against the keeper's lodge immediately, while another portion wished to wait till the next morning, and, above all, first to finish whatever they had to do in Hülse.

This course was the one adopted. The prison was broken open, and the criminals confined there set at liberty. They then broke open the townhall as well. There they found the weapons, which they seized, and carried off the official documents to the market-place. While they were burning these, brandy was brought to the spot in casks, and the multitude, half drunk with their success and half with spirits, danced around the blazing piles like so many demons from the lower regions.

Profiting by the partial darkness, the burgomaster now made another attempt to escape to Bruxdorf, for all the bonds of order were loosened in Hülse, and it was impossible to reckon on the assistance of the better-intentioned inhabitants. The latter had locked themselves up in their houses, and did not venture to oppose the wild and lawless tumult. Indeed, they did not possess the power. But the burgomaster's attempt was once more unsuccessful, and he was very nearly falling into the hands of the guards posted on his road. He did not consider, however, that he was safe in Hülse. At last, he managed to get clear off into the forest, where he accidentally met the assessor, who had just fled thither. The two men now endeavoured, by going round the edge of the wood, to reach Bruxdorf in the contrary direction; but, after walking for several hours, they got so confused that they did not know where they were. Eventually, they came to a narrow but well-trodden footpath through the wood. They determined to trust to chance and follow this path, which led them to the lodge.

Such was the burgomaster's short but significant story. He had scarcely concluded it before a hunter's whistle echoed outside.

"Halloo! Who is that?" exclaimed Haller, springing up from his chair more quickly than he should have done, considering his wound, for he was obliged to make an effort and conceal the pricking pain that darted through his shoulder. Brommer had, however, already hastened to the open window, and to his "Who goes there?" a bass voice answered,

"The keeper Neuber, from Illegstein, come to your assistance."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Brommer, waving his hand out of window, "now they may come when they choose. Wait a moment, keeper; I will soon be with you!"

"Where is the entrance to your burrow?" continued the voice.

"The garden-gate is shut."

"Just go round the palings," replied Brommer; "yonder, in the hedge, not far from the door, you will find a couple have already got through; but I will bring the key directly."

Brommer took the key of the garden-gate, and, opening the window-shutter again, sprang out, and admitted the two foresters—for the keeper had brought one of his assistants. Meanwhile, Haller, with a face beaming with joy, was pacing up and down the room.

"At present, I feel all right," he said, stopping before the burgomaster; "and with your arrival and that of my old friend outside there, a good hundredweight has fallen from my back."

"With my arrival?" inquired the burgomaster, in astonishment.

"Ay, with your arrival, my dear Sir," repeated the keeper. "Until now—although I did not let my good woman perceive it, and although I was firmly resolved to carry out what I had begun—I did not feel at all comfortable about the business. However much a subordinate may be in the right in what he does, his superiors generally make the result dependent upon his success. If the business goes off well, all right; but, if it happens to take a queer turn, there is no end to the snubbing one gets, or else you are left in the lurch altogether. At present there is no longer any danger of that. With my two comrades as a reinforcement, we are enough men to inspire the vagabonds with respect—at least, we will hope so—and can set about defending ourselves with confidence. The whole behaviour of the band in Hülse, however—their plundering, their opening of the prison—completely justifies me in what I myself have done. Whatever may happen, even if the affair should end in the most bitter struggle, I shall meet it with calmness. Besides, we are all in the hands of God, and He will not abandon us."

The foresters who now entered were welcomed by every one in the most hearty manner; and, while their hostess was preparing something to eat and drink for them, they were informed of what had occurred.

It was now pretty nearly midnight, and, as it appeared from the burgomaster's assurances that they need not dread an attack that night, Haller insisted they should lie down and gain fresh strength for the next day. They all required repose, and more especially himself.

For so many guests, and among them the burgomaster and assessor, the keeper's wife was, in truth, not prepared. But at such times, and on such occasions, many things become possible which otherwise would be considered impossible; and, an hour afterwards, everyone was lying in a deep and profound sleep, under counterpanes or blankets, which had been procured somehow or another. Only the two on guard—and who, when their time was up, were to wake others in their turn—were left; the one kept a lookout up stairs in the house, while the other patrolled the courtyard with the hounds.

VI.—THE ENVOY.

The day had scarcely dawned in the east when the keeper was up and stirring. But his wounds pained him even still more than he had expected, and he could scarcely use his right arm, so much were his breast and side swollen. This, however, made no difference; it was no time to lie in bed and be nursed. The house had to be prepared for the worst, and the head of it could not absent himself.

He heard some one talking outside in the garden, and on his going quickly to the window to see who it was, he beheld his assistant, Brommer, just proceeding towards the entrance with an armful of boards, while the keeper Neuber addressed him from another window.

"What am I going to do?" asked Brommer, in reply to Neuber's question. "Why, that's clear enough. I only wish to scare off the blackguards from this side of the house, so that we may not have them in the garden."

"Scare them off," replied Neuber, laughing; "not a bad idea. But how?"

"How?" muttered the forester; "why, with these boards. You'll see what a wide berth they will give them."

With these words he turned one of the boards round, and held it towards the house. Neuber as well as Haller burst out laughing, as they read the words, in black letters on a white varnished background.

"Spring-guns are set here!"

The boards had formerly been often used to warn passers-by, when spring-guns had really been set near the brook, for the especial behoof of some other or other. They had, however, long lain unemployed in the storehouse, and Brommer considered the opportunity a fitting one to bring them to light once more. Without any further observation, he went to the garden-gate, on each side of which, right and left, ran a thick, close-cut hedge, and at all those points where a person might force a passage through hung up one of these boards. On the palings, too, which extended from the house to the hedge, he hung up a couple, and then, having accomplished this, returned quietly to the sylvan fortress.

The keeper now learned that, shortly before sunrise, his messenger Helzig had returned. Of course, he had simply delivered the letters, and told his story in the proper quarters; and then, having made the purchases he was told to make, run back as fast as his feet would carry him.

The keeper proceeded to speak to him in Brommer's room, where he had just fallen to, with a perfectly ravenous appetite, on the food set before him. Haller asked if he would remain at the lodge or return to Hülse. Tired as he was, Helzig decided on adapting the latter course. Those down in the town, he said, must not know he was in league with the keeper, for, if they did, he should be killed; besides, he did not wish to leave his mother, who was ailing, any longer alone among such a set of rioters. A fire might break out, or something else happen, and she might need his assistance. He promised the keeper to help him to the best of his ability even in the town, and persisted in refusing every recompense which Haller offered. He would only accept some slight remuneration for having carried the message, which he would do, he observed, because he had fairly earned it. In spite of all the keeper's efforts, the young man stuck obstinately to what he had said, and, at last, the forester, with a nod of the head, bade him farewell.

The little garrison was not destined to remain much longer in doubt as to the resolutions to which the Hülseers had come. Helzig had scarcely been gone half an hour, and the entire garrison of the little fortress were seated drinking their coffee, when a wild hubbub, proceeding from the wood, struck their ears. On going to the window they could distinguish some voices louder than others, and ten minutes had not elapsed before they beheld two figures in their shirtsleeves among the bushes.

"So!" said the keeper, with a deep-drawn sigh, "at last! Now we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing what we have to expect, for this uncertainty was worse than the wildest excesses of which yonder motley crowd could be guilty."

"I should advise the two gentlemen from the town not to show themselves," remarked Herr von Beiwitz, who, without more ado, advanced to the window, as he had done the evening before, to conduct the negotiations. "Who knows but it would render the gentlemen down yonder more bold if they discovered they had driven their magistrates to take refuge here?"

The observation was perfectly unnecessary. Neither the burgomaster nor the assessor had the slightest notion of letting their fellow-citizens of Hülse so much as suspect where they were. Neither of them had even left the sofa on which they had seated themselves to drink their coffee.

Meanwhile, a not very large band of perhaps twenty to five-and-twenty men had rushed towards the garden gate of which, as Brommer perceived from behind the curtain, the first of them were about to open when the boards, hung up only that morning, met their view and caused them to fall back in alarm.

"Pon my life!" said Brommer, laughing to himself. "I wish I had only surrounded the whole place with such scarecrows! They stop; by Jupiter, they stop!"

The men appeared to be holding a short consultation among themselves, without approaching nearer to the garden-gate. The ominous word, "spring-guns," was a damper to their courage, and they all carefully avoided the hedge and the adjacent fence. Engaged in conversation, they now advanced quickly, however, along the hedge, towards the house, stopping as they beheld one of the foresters at an upper window, scarcely more than twenty paces off.

They were all armed, some with muskets, and some with fowling-pieces. Some had even scythes, and others pitchforks. These rioters looked, too, sufficiently wild and uncouth; and their dishevelled hair, their sunken eyes, the disorder of their clothes, and the faces of many of them still black from the burning of the judicial documents, proved clearly enough they had been drinking and revelling the whole night, and, immediately after the first ray of the rising sun, had set out to fulfil the oath they had taken the day before.

Herr von Beiwitz had contemplated the fellows with really extraordinary calmness through his glass, and purposely allowed them to approach sufficiently close for him to be able to converse easily with them. He was not very fond of talking loud. When they had come to within the short distance we have mentioned, he beckoned to them in the most friendly manner with his hand, and, leaning with both elbows on the window-sill, said,

"Good-morning, gentlemen! Might I request you to inform me what you want with your guns here, in a Government forest?"

"Good-morning!" actually answered some of them, rather abashed by the forester's coolness. But the conversation was not destined long to continue an interchange of civilities, for one of the crowd—a tall, dissolute, wild-looking fellow, who had girded on a cavalry sabre, and carried on his shoulder a musket with a bayonet at the end, answered impudently,

"Government forest! What's a Government forest to us? We want to speak to the keeper!"

"The keeper, Herr Haller?"

"We know nothing about Herr!" cried another, joining in. "All that is done away with. We are all citizens. Do you understand, eh? We want to speak to Keeper Haller and t'other chap, who shot a citizen of Hülse in the wood yesterday."

"Indeed!" said Herr von Beiwitz, without losing his self-possession in the slightest degree. "Might I, then, beg of you, respected fellow-citizens, to confide your message to me? It shall be delivered word for word."

"Oh! ah!—humbly!" said one of them, taking his musket from his shoulder. "We have not come here to be made fools of. We want to get hold of the keeper and the other scoundrel; and if you do not deliver them up voluntarily, we will burn down your murderer's den over your heads. Do you understand?"

"You spoke plainly enough," said Herr von Beiwitz, again looking at the speaker through his glass; "but be reasonable, gentlemen—fellow-citizens, I mean. I am sure you will easily perceive that to come here with pitchforks, scythes, and muskets is not the way to commence a peaceable conversation with anyone. It would be, moreover, asking a little too much to require the keeper, Herr Haller, to be good-natured enough to come forth simply to have his brains dashed out."

"Tell them that he has a wife and children, Herr von Beiwitz," said the keeper's wife, entreatingly, as she stood with clasped hands, in a state of terrible alarm behind the door.

"That would be of about as much use," observed Brommer, in his usual dry manner, "as if I were to request another to allow me to shoot him, because I happened to be in great need of a fur cap. What consideration have those fellows got for anyone?"

"If he does not come out we will come in," roared the crowd outside. "Do you green-coated blackguards in there fancy we are to be kept back by spring-guns and such humbug? We will turn the whole house inside out, and hang out of the windows everyone we catch alive. Bring out the keeper, or we'll shoot you all; every one of you."

Meanwhile, the crowd kept approaching, and it did not escape Herr von Beiwitz's observation that fresh reinforcements were continually coming up. Most of the crowd were, on account of the warmth of the morning, in their shirt sleeves, and were visible at a long distance off among the trees. Herr von Beiwitz knew, however, that he dared not show any signs of fear, unless he wished to ruin everything. With the same coolness, therefore, with which he had commenced the conversation, he now said,

"I thank you, my respected friends, for the frankness of your communication, but, at the same time, I must observe that I shall feel myself under the necessity of shooting the first man that advances another step."

With these words, and without more ado, he took up his rifle and levelled it at them.

"Wait a minute, you blackguard, you!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd. The next moment, and before Herr von Beiwitz had the slightest presentiment of the very summary course about to be adopted, a bullet flew close past his ear and lodged in the ceiling, while the report rung through the forest the instant afterwards.

Herr von Beiwitz, who, with a slight amount of personal courage, displayed rather a phlegmatic indifference for danger, when the latter was not actually present, than really cool-blooded calmness, had scarcely heard the ball whistle by him than he darted as quick as lightning behind the wall between the two windows. At the same time, of five or six other balls, some struck the wall outside and some passed through one or other of the windows, without, however, hurting anyone. Immediately after the first shot, the keeper had thrust his wife out of the room, while he himself stood close up to the wall, and the two Hülse magistrates suddenly found themselves, without quite knowing how they came there, sitting on the floor, before the sofa on which they had taken their places.

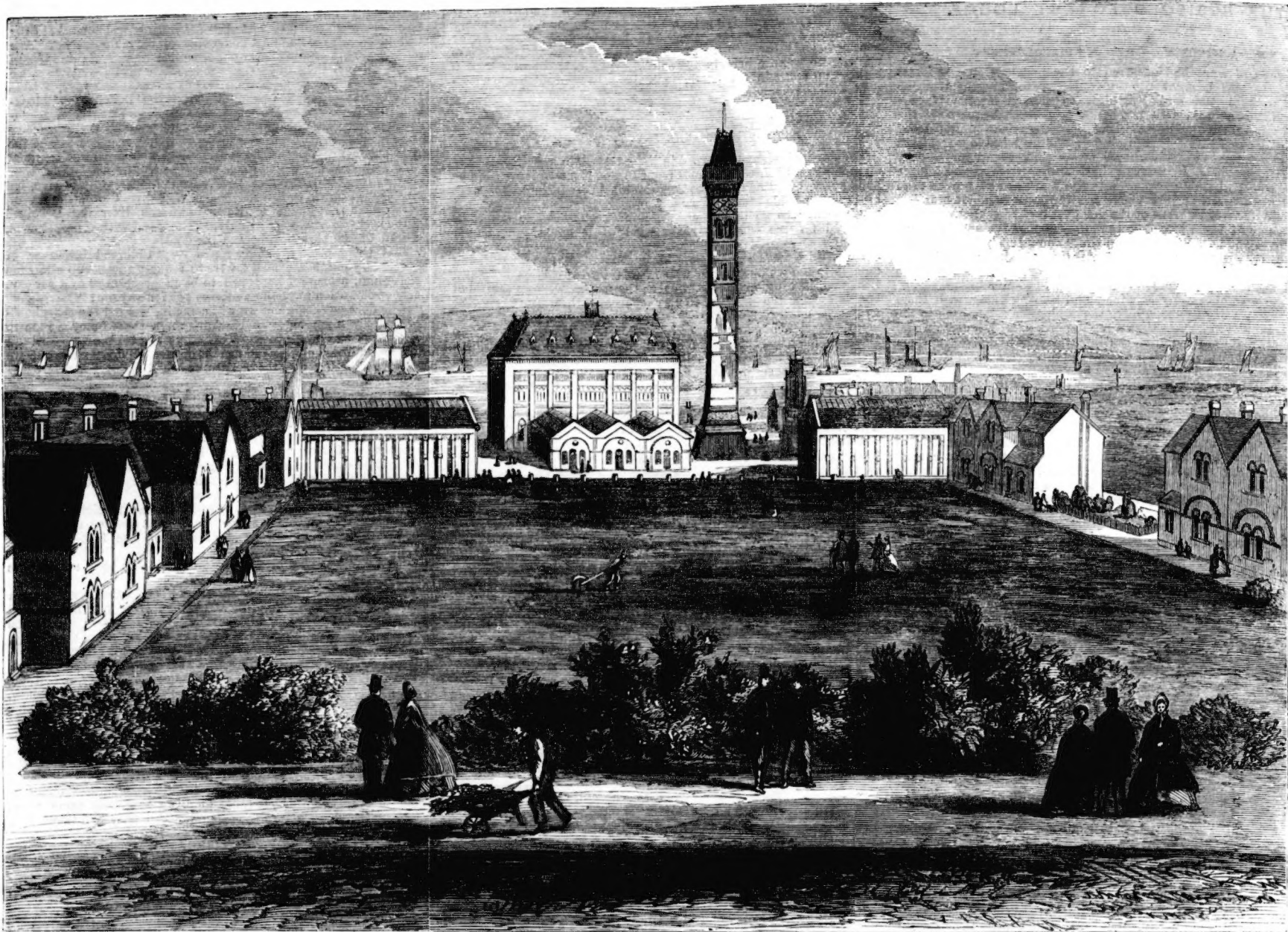
The rioters greeted the success of their volleys—that is to say, the smashing of a few window-panes—with a perfect scream of delight. But their delight was destined to be brought to a mournful conclusion. Suddenly, from the lower story of the house, whither, after the first threats of the mob, Brommer had followed the two strange foresters, the report of a couple of guns was heard, and the assailants were scattered like chaff before the wind, on hearing the shot rattle among them from so short a distance. The foresters aimed, it is true, only at the legs; because they did not wish to render, by another death, their opponents more furious than they already were, or to do more than was absolutely necessary for their own safety. Two or three of the peasants, however, fell; but, picking themselves up again, crawled, cursing and bellowing, out of so dangerous a neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

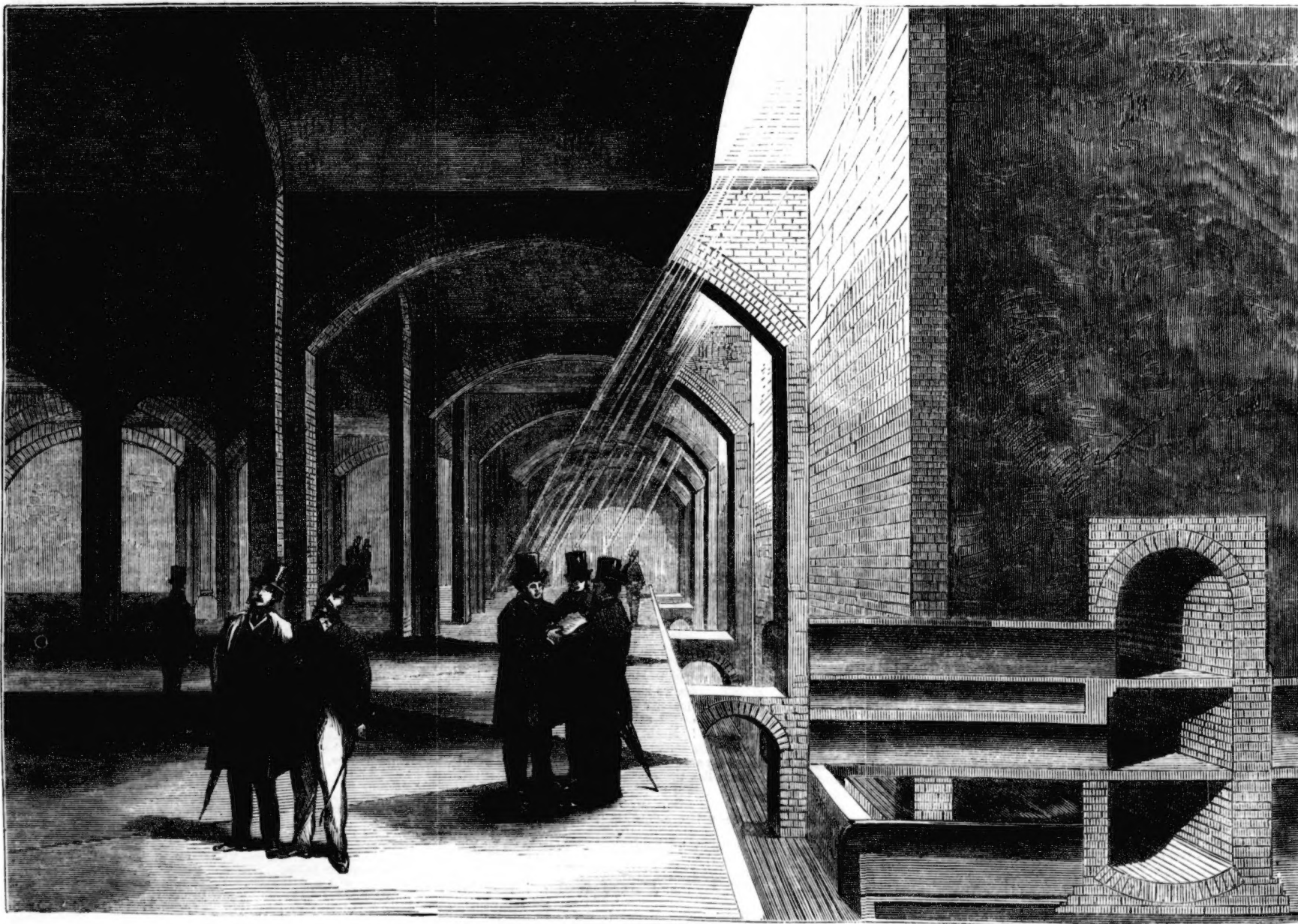
THE BISHOP OF NATAL AND HIS SALARY.—The salaries of colonial bishops are for the most part provided from the Colonial Bishops' Fund, which is supposed to be invested in the names of the four following trustees, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Vice-Chancellor Page Wood, Mr. Hubbard, M.P., and Archdeacon Hall. It was anticipated that as soon as the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had declared the whole of the proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown to be null and void in law the salary of the Bishop of Natal, which was being withheld while the proceedings were pending against him, would be paid. The Council, however, who have the management of the fund, have announced through their solicitors that they are not prepared to pay the arrears of salary; the question, therefore, is not yet settled, and another exciting legal contest may probably take place in a new arena.

THE REVENUE.—The revenue returns for the quarter and year ending March 31 have been published. Notwithstanding the reductions which have been made in taxation, there is an increase on the year. The total revenue for the year ending Friday was £70,313,436, against £70,208,963 in the previous year, the net increase being thus £104,473. The increase has been in excise, £1,351,000; stamps, £213,000; taxes, £74,000; Post Office, £290,000; and Crown lands, £5000. In customs and property tax there has naturally been a decrease—viz., in customs, £660,000; and property tax, £1,126,000. There is a decrease also in the revenue from miscellaneous sources of £42,527. On the quarter there has been a net increase of £188,062. In it customs have recovered from the effects of reductions, and show an increase over the corresponding quarter of last year of £37,000. Property tax and miscellaneous sources are the only two heads under which a decrease is shown.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held, on Thursday last, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £55 12s. were voted to the crews of some of the life-boats of the institution, and of shore-boats, for saving the following shipwrecked crews during the recent heavy gales:—Brig Border Chieftain, of Hartlepool, eight men; brigantine Burton, of Colchester, one; Danish schooner Pfeil, of Blankenese, seven; schooner Delila, of Nantes, seven; brigantine Eclipse, of St. Ives, two; schooner Kate, of Lynn, four; fishing-boat of Walmer, three; schooner Deptford Packet, of Kirkcaldy, three; shore-boat of Shetland, two; barque Stirlingshire, eight; fishing-boat of Portpatrick, two; and schooner Teazer, of Goolie, one; total, forty-eight. The second service class of the institution was voted to Mr. Mark Devereux, master pilot, in acknowledgment of his intrepid services in the Rosslare life-boat of the institution on a recent occasion. Rewards amounting to £42 2s. were also granted to the crews of the life-boats of the institution at New Brighton, Scarborough, Eley, Great Yarmouth, Portrush, and Arklow for different services during the past month. During the past three months the life-boats of the society had been the means of rescuing 122 lives from shipwreck, and had also assisted in saving ten vessels from destruction during the same period. Payments amounting to upwards of £1500 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. A letter was read from the Duchess of Northumberland expressing her heartfelt thanks to the committee of the institution for their mark of respect to the late Duke, and stating that their vote of condolence would be placed with the most precious relics of the past, and be looked upon as one of her best treasures. It was reported that the following legacies had recently been left to the institution:—£500 by the late Thomas Stubbs, Esq., of Hulme; £400 by the late Miss Brodie, of York place; and £300 by the late Miss Woodburn, of Kensington Palace-gardens. Mrs. Ansley, of Tynemouth, had forwarded to the institution £400 to defray the cost of a new life-boat for North Sunderland. Lady W— had also transmitted, through Sir W. G. Armstrong, F.R.S., £600 for the society to pay the cost of the Holy Island life-boat establishment; and Miss Robertson had also sent the institution £300, through Stephen Cave, Esq., M.P., for a new life-boat to be stationed at Shoreham. During the past month the institution had sent new life-boats to Alnmouth, on the Northumberland coast, and to Ardmore, Ireland. Both boats were the gifts of benevolent persons to the institution. Free conveyance had, as usual, been liberally given to the Alnmouth life-boat by the Great Northern and North-Eastern Railway companies; and the Ardmore life-boat had also been carried as far as Cork on similar liberal terms by the British and Irish Steam-packet Company. The proceedings then terminated.



THE METROPOLITAN SEWERS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORKS AT CROSSNESS.



THE GREAT RESERVOIRS AND CULVERTS AT CROSSNESS.—SEE PAGE 211.



FRESHWATER CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

FRESHWATER CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

WE love our English village churches, whether they rear their slender spires upon the summits of lofty hills—a landmark for all the country-side and the glory of the smiling landscape—or hide away their grey towers and ivied buttresses in “the nooks and angles” of the isle, amidst the leafy shadows of ancestral trees. We ask for no architectural splendour, no elaborate Gothic of offensive newness, no gorgeous decoration in sculptured stone; let them but retain the solemn simplicity with which they were endowed by the devout men who built them, free from the whitewash of insensate churchwardens and “the restorations” of would-be architects, and, to our eyes, old England holds nothing more picturesque or holy. It is these “rich morsels of quaint antiquity” that bestow so exquisite a charm upon our English landscapes. They stand “in the midst of a country filled with ancient families, and contain, within their cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations.” They are associated with sunny memories of a pleasant childhood. They are hallowed by traditions of great men and good, who once worshipped within their walls, and whose dust now lies within their sacred precincts. In the calm, sequestered shadow of the village church the thoughtless for a while awake to perceptions of better things, the devout become more confident in the faith that exalts and inspires them.

We know of one village church that might almost stand as the exemplar of English village churches. It is seated in a pleasant landscape; trees are around it, and not far off there sings and shines a musical and glittering stream. A quiet, old-world village clusters about it, and it forms a sort of central point for sundry blossom lanes which intersect rich meadows and wind away into the silent depth of lofty hills. Its walls bear visible marks of its antiquity; its tower has a look of age about it which insensibly impresses the observer. It is not without that singular charm which springs from

the general aspect of the village is delightfully oldish and picturesque. Freshwater derives its name from its position on the river Yar—a small stream that rises near Freshwater-gate, about one hundred yards from the English Channel, from whose waters its source is divided by a bank of pebbles and shingle, and flows in nearly a straight line through meadow and valley for about four miles, until it joins the Solent at Yarmouth. It is an extensive parish, containing 4760 acres, and a population of about 1500 souls. Two thirds of its acreage are formed by lofty conical downs, whose grassy slopes supply with excellent pasturage numerous flocks of sheep.

The church is very ancient, principally of Norman architecture, and contains a nave, chancel, north and south transepts, and a square embattled tower. At the extremity of each transept there is a small chapel. The northern chapel is distinguished by a richly-decorated Gothic arch, surmounting a nameless tomb, which, it is said, was opened some years ago, and found to contain a decolled skeleton. In the chancel there is a quaint tablet, with a notable epitaph, worthy of transcription:—

MEMORIE SACRUM.

The most virtuous Mrs. Anne Toppe, Daughter of Mr. Thomas Cardell, sometime of the Privy Chamber to Queen Elizabeth, and wife of Mr. John Toppe, of Wiltshire. In her widowhood by a memorable Providence preserved out of the flames of the Irish Rebellion. On the second of September, 1649, and 71st year of her age, expired under the roof of her nearest kinsman, the Rector of this place, to his unspeakable loss and grief.

The living of Freshwater is a rectory in the patronage of St. John's College, Cambridge, upon whom it was originally bestowed by Charles I. Freshwater was one of six churches in the Isle of Wight granted by William Fitz Ashert to the Abbey of Lire, in Normandy.

The most interesting association of this pleasant village arises from its connection with the name and fame of Dr. Robert Hooke, who was born here, on the 18th of July, 1635. Dr. Hooke was a

association with the old heroic times and the men who made them so.

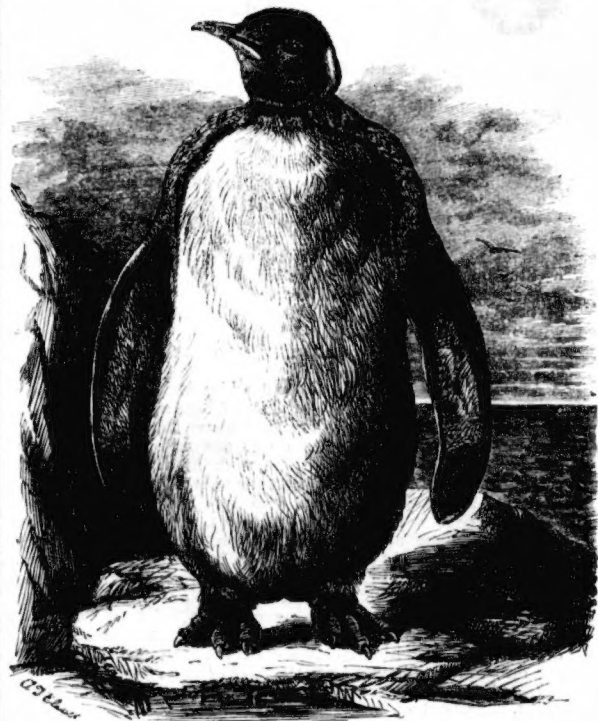
This old-world edifice is Freshwater Church, in the Isle of Wight, not far from the rocky coast which encircles Alum Bay, and the chalky Needles, which form the westernmost extremity of the island. It is best reached from Yarmouth, via Lymington. The road from ancient Yarmouth town to pleasant Freshwater village is a most delectable one, winding along the bank of the River Yar for about a couple of miles, and opening up, ever and anon, fine glimpses of the strange, conical downs which form the backbone, as it were, of the Wight, as well as lovely vistas of rich leas and richer farmsteads, and of a house or two of that importance which bespeaks it the residence of an ancient and considerable family.

There has been as yet but little innovation in Freshwater hamlet. The inn is somewhat modern, but

man of singularly inventive genius, and introduced great improvements into our chief mathematical instruments, while he suggested and carried out new combinations. He was one of the early founders of the Royal Society, and for three or four years superintended the publication of its *Philosophical Transactions*. His principal works are “*Micographia*,” or some philosophical descriptions of minute bodies examined by magnifying glasses; and “*Lampas*,” a description of some mechanical improvements in lamps. He died in 1702.

THE PENGUIN AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

THE Penguin recently added to the collection in these gardens is, we believe, the first time that a living specimen of this strange bird has found its way to England. The present visitor, which will doubtless prove a “welcome guest” to many curious observers, has been presented to the society by Captain Fenwick, and is a native of the Falkland Islands. Waddling along in the manner



THE PENGUIN, IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

shown in our Engraving, its great flappers dangling by its side, it presents a most comical appearance, and looks very much like a lump of a boy with an overcoat too big for him. It carries its head, for the most part, sunken between its shoulders; and only occasionally, when alarmed or at feeding-time, thrusts its neck out and displays its natural length. The colouring of the plumage is bright and harmonious. The upper part of the head is black, round which runs a broad band of orange, narrowing as it approaches the middle of the throat. Its back is of a bluish grey; the upper part of the chest yellow, verging rapidly into white as the feathers descend, with black feet. It feeds principally on fish. This bird, which is naturally gregarious, seems to feel its solitary condition, and frets when left to itself. The keeper remains with it the greater part of the day, and seems to have excited in his charge a strong attachment, for it waddles after him like a child.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL: EVENING AND WALKING DRESSES.

THE FASHIONS.

THE inclemency of the weather during the past month has prevented any very considerable change in the spring fashions; and, indeed, furs and winter cloaks have scarcely yet been relinquished. In spite of these difficulties, however, new patterns, both in mantles and dresses, have made their appearance, and some of them are remarkably effective. The jacket, dress, and paleot continue in many cases to be made of the same material, a fashion which has already lasted a year, and will probably remain during the spring and summer months. Indeed, when the colour selected is a good one this uniformity of tint has such a pleasing appearance that many ladies would be sorry to relinquish so becoming a costume, even for greater variety.

Poplin de laine, mohair, and lino, many of them with broad stripes running the long way of the material, are still much used, and, when tastefully trimmed, have a very charming appearance; but they are likely to be to a great extent superseded by the foulards, of which those in striped and clouded patterns are becoming quite the rage in Paris. One of the most striking patterns is a foulard having a striped ground beneath a small shaded olive pattern; while some others exhibit a palm-leaf upon a ground of Sèvres blue. Juvenile dresses of the same material contain a pattern of small bouquets on grounds of violet, green, or maize. All these should be trimmed with passementeries, which are now manufactured in very great variety, some of them relieved by steel ornaments.

Amongst the latest toilets may be mentioned a robe of violet taffeta, ornamented on each seam by a band of black velvet studded with steel ornaments; the short paleot and waistband being decorated in the same manner. The mantle has straight sleeves, and is provided with little pockets. A second robe is of grey moire, opening, both in front and at the back, over a breadth of blue moire. On each seam of the grey robe is a handsome passementerie of grey and blue, which is taken across the breadth of blue moire beneath. The body is high, and the sleeves close, with passementerie ornaments to the seams. The bonnet is of blue crape and white tulle, and the toilet is completed by a cashmere shawl.

A third toilet is of black and white striped taffeta, the skirt ornamented with a broad white Thibet fringe and brindilles of black beads at the bottom of the skirt; and above this an arabesque pattern of passementerie, carried up to the middle of each breadth. The bonnet is of white puffed tulle, with three bandelettes of purple velvet, on which is placed a passementerie of straw. A "casaque Impératrice" in black taffeta, with lace trimming, completes the toilet. There is nothing particularly new in the shape of these casques. They are still either the half-fitting paleot shape or quite loose, the only difference being in the trimming, which, instead of being placed at the edge of the garment, forms a complete pattern, one favourite mode still being to follow the shape of a jacket or coat, with the trimming over the paleot. Coloured silk or ribbon over black is also fashionable, and the great variety of ornaments of this kind includes diamond, scallop, or zigzag shapes, put on about five inches from the edge of the casque.

Lace jackets, either of guipure or yak, are very much worn, but with epaulets instead of sleeves, and over plain coloured silk dresses; and it is said that shawls and paleots made entirely of yak will become the fashion as the season advances.

Dresses of differently-coloured materials are frequently worn, some of them with widths of alternate hues and each width cut into a pointed shape, wide at bottom and tapering towards the top the bottom of the skirt being edged with a twisted cord of the two colours of the dress. Lace is very extensively used for trimming silk dresses of all colours.

Our Engraving represents—first, a robe of white muslin, made with a high body and narrow sleeves, lightly gathered; a waistband of white lace over blue taffeta, which forms in itself a petite corsage, with epaulets, basques, and ceinture à la taille, complete. The head-dress is composed of Greek lacettes. The second toilet is a robe of light green "Indian velvet," the skirt trimmed with quilting surmounted by chenille fringe; two bars of satin, cut crosswise, are laid on above this ornament; the body is made high, and the waistband is of satin, with trimmed ends; the sleeves are straight, and with the same trimming as the skirt; collar and cuffs of guipure; head-dress, a guipure capuchon.

The outdoor dress (the third figure in the Plate) is a robe of grey taffeta, with double skirt, trimmed with bars of black velvet terminating in red grelot buttons; the edges of both skirts are bordered with bands of black velvet, edged at top with black guipure lace. The black velvet bars are arranged in sets of three on the lower skirt and of five on that which is looped up, the latter bars being the longest; a long gilet, with similar ornaments, shows beneath a paleot trimmed in the same way as the upper skirt; embroidered collar and cuffs.

A round straw hat is worn, trimmed with red velvet ribbon, a small bird cockade, and black aigrette.

The fourth figure represents a walking-dress of grey poplin, with a pardessus of black silk, "genre habit," trimmed with lace and steel beads at the seams and pockets as well as on the outside of the sleeves. The bonnet is of black crin, with roses, lace, and black beads, and a trimming of bead grelots falling over the edge.

THE MINOTAUR.

ON Wednesday, the 29th ult., another magnificent addition—as far as size, strength, and speed are concerned—was made to our iron-clad fleet by the formal delivery to the Admiralty authorities of this iron-plated ship, which, it is believed, will in some respects equal the renowned Warrior. The Minotaur is one of those vessels of a special class which were designed to be improvements on the Warrior. The latter class are vessels of 6100 tons, 380 ft. long by 58 ft. broad, plated over the greater part of their broadsides with 4½-in. iron armour, backed up with 18 in. of teak. These have only twenty-six protected guns within the armour-lines, ten more guns being at the bows and stern, which have no armour, but which are so subdivided by a webbing of iron compartments that they might be riddled with shot without much danger to the main part of the ship. Each of these Warriors is driven by engines of 1250-horse power, and they have undoubtedly proved the fastest ships in the Navy, and, from their bows and stern not being overborne with heavy armour, are tolerably buoyant even in heavy weather and very broken water. There is no question that the vessels of the Warrior class are fine sea-boats of their kind, and it is more than doubtful if the new class designed to improve on them—the Minotaur, Agincourt, and Northumberland—will at all equal them in seagoing qualities. In the Minotaur class it was fancied by the authorities that by diminishing the teak backing from 18 in. to 10 in. they could be made to carry 5½ in. armour safely, and that by a little increase in their dimensions they might be enabled to carry it from end to end, and to have the whole ship covered in armour. The Minotaur, as they are called, therefore, are all of 6621 tons, no less than 400 ft. long by 59 ft. beam, plated with 5½ in. armour on a 10-in. backing, carrying thirty-six protected guns, and are propelled by screw-engines of 1350 (nominal) horse power. Hardly were these vessels designed and commenced when the result of experiments at Shoeburyness proved that a mistake had been made in diminishing the teak backing—a mistake for which the additional inch of armour by no means compensated. The end of all the experiments at Shoeburyness has been to show that the amount of resistance of armour to shot depends generally less upon the thickness of the plate than the thickness and system of the backing. Thus, the Warrior target, with 4½ in. of iron and 18 in. of teak, stood fire obstinately, though soon afterwards infinitely greater results were obtained from plates of 3½ in. supported by Mr. Chalmers' admirable system of backing. On the other hand, the Minotaur target of 5½ in., with only 10 in. of teak behind it, literally "crumpled up" under the fire of the smooth-bore 68-pounder. But when this most unpleasant discovery was made all the Minotaurs were too far advanced to be altered, so that in these magnificent-looking vessels we have really got only much more

expensive Warriors, with even less than half the powers of resistance which the Warriors possess.

All the Minotaurs are built on the ram system, having what is termed the swan-breasted beak protruding under water. The stem of this portion, which would have to resist the first blow of the shock, is a most gigantic forging, as is also the stern frame. Every part of the vessel is of iron, even to the spar deck, though the plating here, which is about three quarters of an inch thick, is, of course, covered with wood. Every part of the hull is divided into longitudinal and transverse water-tight compartments, which not only ensure her safety in case of accident from below the water-line but add immensely to the stiffness of the whole hull, which is virtually made by these means one huge hollow wrought-iron girder of immense strength. There is also a riveted wrought-iron skin within the backing behind the armour-plates, and this, being continued over the inner keel, forms a double bottom, which, in case of a vessel of such great weight taking the ground, would be of the greatest service. The armour-plates along all parts of the broadside, from the edge of the spar deck to 5 ft. below the water-line, are all of 5½ in. thickness, of the best rolled iron, made by the Thames Ironworks Company. For about 30 ft. at the extreme ends of the ship the thickness of the plating is reduced, to give the buoyancy which she will much need. At the stern the thickness is little more than 2 in., while under the counter at the stern it is no more than 2½ in. The number of ports on each side is eighteen, of which two on each side amidships are for Armstrong 300-pounders. All the portholes are made on the improved principle, and are very narrow; while the clear height of the midship port from the water is no less than 40 ft.—a foot higher than in the Warrior. An important addition has been made to the ship since she was laid down in the shape of a poop and topgallant forecastle. The poop gives ample space for the cabins necessary for an admiral and staff, thus fitting the ship for a flagship, which the arrangements of the earlier ironclads did not admit of. The forecastle, being plated in front with armour-plates, forms a kind of breastwork, to prevent the upper deck being raked by an enemy's fire, and also gives room for two large guns, which can be trained in a line with the keel, and will be most useful as bow-chasers. The engines are of 1360-horse power (nominal), and are capable of working up to an indicated power of more than 8000 horses.

The Minotaur was launched on the 12th of December, 1863, from the yard of the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, and at once towed into the Victoria Docks, where she was fitted with her armour-plates, rigged, and brought to her present advanced condition. In the beginning of last week she was towed by four Government steam-tugs from her berth into the tidal basin, ready for being hauled into the stream. Pending the approach of high water on the 29th ult. the huge vessel lay stern on to the dock gates, surrounded by her sturdy, but, by comparison, dwarfish-looking, satellites; giving indications of her approaching departure by a slight escape of smoke and steam from her funnels. Two of the tugs got hawsters fast to her quarters, and puffed and panted away vigorously, but it was some minutes before the inertia of between 8000 and 9000 tons of wood and iron was overcome to an extent to enable the spectator to see that the Minotaur was in motion. When she did begin to move, however, she was soon hauled into the long canal-shaped entrance connecting the tidal basin with the river. She drew 23 ft. water forward, and rather more aft, but was not sufficiently deep to completely immerse the blades of her propeller. Here she was made fast with stout hawsters, and a few turns were made with the screw to test the working of the engines. It argues well for the propelling power of her engines that the huge ship acknowledged a few slow turns of the screw to such an extent as to snap the fine new hawsters which held her like packthreads. Everything working with perfect smoothness, the dock gates were opened, the tugs went to work, and, aided by a few back turns of her own screw, the Minotaur glided easily, stern first, into the stream. The action of the tide, the tugs, and the influence of her own rudder, soon canted her head down stream. Two tugs then made fast to the port broadside; two more took up a similar position on the other side; the screw of the big ship churned the water into foam; her little auxiliaries paddled away with all their tiny strength; and the whole party sped rapidly and easily down the river, on their way to Sheerness, where the Minotaur is to be prepared for commission.

THE FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE CRUISERS AT LISBON.

A LETTER from Lisbon, dated the 28th ult., gives the following account of the firing on the Federal frigates Niagara and Sacramento by the Belem Forts, in Lisbon Harbour:—

On Monday afternoon, the 26th, the Niagara and Sacramento, Federal corvettes, were signalled off Lisbon Bar, and it is said the Stonewall hoisted her bluepeter about the same time. The two corvettes came up, and cast anchor near the Belem Tower, and were officially informed that they could not sail until twenty-four hours had elapsed after the leaving of the Stonewall. The Mindello and Jaques war-steamer were appointed to watch the proceedings of the Federal ships, which kept steam up, and did not then ascend the river. The feeling of the Portuguese authorities was a determination to see the law fully observed. On shore much excitement was displayed, and the relative merits of the vessels were freely canvassed. Admiral Sartorius, who is now here, is said to have declared that the Stonewall, with her iron sides and heavy cupola guns, would prove quite a match for the two Federal corvettes in the event of a conflict. The Stonewall sailed about noon on Tuesday, the 28th, leaving the Niagara and Sacramento anchored to the west of Belem Tower, nearly in front of the quay and Jeronimite Convent. Some four hours after the Niagara and Sacramento weighed anchor and moved towards the bar. The commander of Belem Tower, who had received instructions, observing this, called the artillerymen to the guns and fired a 12 lb. shot at the Niagara, which sailed in front. She did not, however, stop, and six more shots were fired from the tower. At the seventh shot the Niagara turned round, came back towards Lisbon, and cast anchor in front of the Old Packet Stairs. The Sacramento followed, and brought up near to her. It appears that three of the seven balls struck the Niagara, somewhat damaging her poop. The Federal captains allege that they had no intention of following the Stonewall, but were about to turn round and take up other anchorage ground. The Governor of Belem Tower appears to have had orders to act as he did in case such proceedings were taken by the Federal ships; but the instructions given to the commander of the guard-ship were not the same, because the port is under the War Office, the ships under the Marine Department, and, unfortunately, circumlocution prevails here as in England. This affair is now affording matter for diplomatic correspondence, but the general feeling is that the Portuguese Government acted with great spirit, and their conduct will be indorsed by the public opinion of Europe.

The *Jornal do Commercio*, of Lisbon, gives the following as an official account of the recent events:—

The two Federal steamers anchored at Belem, much below the ground they wished to take, because the Portuguese guard-ship prohibited their approaching nearer to the place where the Stonewall lay. Next day, when the Confederate vessel had sailed, they weighed anchor, with the intention of coming up the river, but did not notify the guard-ship of their intention, and this caused the Governor of the Tower of Belem, whose orders were precise, to fire into the vessels. It is explained that the Federal ships steamed towards the bar in order to take the turn up the river, and there is no doubt the whole difficulty might have been obviated had they sent previous notice to the Governor of Belem Tower. It is said that at the first shot the Niagara lowered her flag half mast, to show she accepted the intimation not to go on, and this signal appears not to have been observed at the tower, which fired six more shots at the frigate, and it is said three balls struck her side. The commander of the Niagara complains that a blank cartridge was not fired first to give him timely warning.

The Madrid papers publish news from Lisbon stating that the Portuguese Government have complied with the demand made by the American Minister by removing the Governor of Fort Belem from firing on the Niagara after the Federal vessels had signalled that they understood the first summons from the fort.

The French Government, it is said, has instituted an inquiry into the conduct of those who aided the armament of the Stonewall at Lorient.

THE WHITWORTH 12-POUNDER has achieved a victory over the Armstrong in the ordnance experiments at Shoeburyness. Before bursting, Armstrong's shunt-gun fired forty rounds; his breech loader forty-two. Whitworth's gun burst at the ninety-second round.

FINE ARTS.

MR. MADOX BROWN'S "WORK" AND OTHER PAINTINGS.

IN the name of his principal picture Mr. Madox Brown has, whether accidentally or not we cannot say, found the very best possible title for this interesting collection. "Work"—in the highest and noblest sense of what is always noble—is the pervading power in the exhibition. We recognise its influence in the unwearied endeavours and the earnest search for the truth which mark his pictures. From the time when, at fifteen, he painted—and very creditably too—the "Study of a Pony" (41), to the days when he completed his arduous task of telling the epic of "Work," this artist has been labouring in the interests of art. No "royal road" to success was his, but a stern upward and onward struggle, with many a gallant excursion in this or that direction wherever there seemed to be anything to achieve or to learn. The various styles in which he has painted, as he felt out the way for himself instead of following worn-out beaten tracks, are so many evidences of "work." Each picture is, moreover, in itself a monument of "work"—the work of a man who strives to paint things as he sees and feels them, and who spares no trouble to carry out his conception; the work, too, of a man who, selecting his subject, bestows on it his whole mind, stores it with thought and poetry, instead of doing what too many artists are in the habit of doing—painting a picture and selling the subject and title when it is finished. Furthermore, Mr. Madox Brown does not begrudge his labour, even in what is generally considered so slight a matter as a catalogue. A most elaborate treatise—sincere and honest, speaking its writer's mind and opinions with just so much self-assertion as is allowable in real men—this catalogue is a book that we can muse over and discuss very profitably and very pleasantly.

We need hardly add that, with such pictures from such an artist and with such a catalogue, the visitor to the gallery has his "work" cut out for him too. It is no easy matter—but the result repays the labour—to keep pace with both catalogue and picture—scrutinise the artist's pictures, so full of meaning and merit, and follow up the author's description, explanation, and argument.

We have called the principal picture an epic advisedly. Well balanced and sustained throughout, it forms a splendid poem, touching the heart with unaffected pathos in some passages, and in others just waking that responsive chord of humour which intensifies the pathos, and which is seldom missing in the best productions of art. The picture, indeed, rises to the historical. It is a page from English history, in which the chief actor is that essentially British embodiment of work, the navy. The pioneer of that great civiliser, the railroad, is a peculiarly British type—he is necessary to its existence; and wherever it goes, there goes the navy, laying the rails in Indian jungles, on Russian steppes, or even on the shot-scarred slopes of the Crimea.

In the centre of the picture a group of navvies are employed on the excavations undertaken with a view to supplying Hampstead with water. One young Hercules, standing on the landing-stage, shovels out the earth thrown up from below. A stern old fellow in front is screening lime, a third mixes mortar, and a fourth drinks—how heartily he drinks!—from a gleaming pewter pot, brought by a deformed potboy—the impersonation of a different class of "work." A group of children in front tells a story to make the heart ache. There is the motherless girl of ten playing the part of mother to three children younger than herself—the boy, a regular young Arab, mischievous but not yet vicious; a little sister, who contemplates the navvies with the absorbed interest of childhood, whose lollipop is nothing better than the stump of a carrot; and a wee brown baby, with bright eyes that gaze out of the picture with a look that haunts us long after we turn away from the canvas.

On the left of the spectator is the procession of those who do not work and do not wish to work. There is the "chickweed and groundsel" man, little better than "the noble savage," and resembling him in his "in-toed" gait. Behind him trips Beauty—a softly-attired, tenderly-nurtured lady, who is more alarmed at Fido's rushing through the line to compare notes with two dogs in the foreground than she is at the sight of those poor, little children. We would here call attention to an exquisite little touch of homely pathos. One of the dogs we have mentioned belongs to a navvy, and lies on his master's clothes, guarding them; but the other is a homeless cur, who has attached himself to the little family, who can find no grander crown to reward such disinterested fidelity than a wreath of shavings that they have twined round his neck!

After Beauty trips Piety, as distinguished from "Working Religion," personified on the other side. Piety is represented by a rather hard-visaged woman—the sort of woman who would dispense charity as some servants wash children—with a vigorous application of huckaback and an utter disregard for the insinuating tendencies of soapbuds, as considered in connection with the human eye.

A pastrycook, with his tray, stands next in the procession. His tray is the "symbol of superfluity," his wares a travesty of the bread of common life. Beyond him, again, a father and daughter, both young—papa had more than three hundred a year, and so might marry early—are seen on horseback, brought to a standstill by the excavation, and just about to turn back.

On the other side of the picture are those who are not working, but who are desirous of working. An Irishman out of employ, but grimly patient, though pipeless, leans against a tree, at the foot of which another Irishman—young this time, and married—is feeding his babe with colic pap, as it lies in the lap of its mother, whose careworn, anxious face is almost painful. Poor Jack ashore, driven to look for harvest work, and two country lads, who have suffered sickness or starvation, or perhaps both, have flung themselves down in the shade on the grassy slope to sleep—perchance to dream of employment and wages. Hard by these workers out of luck stand their true and tried friends—unrecognised, as the best friends often are. Those friends, in this instance, are Carlyle and Maurice, the brainworkers—scholars, authors, philosophers, and teachers both.

The background is filled with many little episodes, which we have not sufficient space to enumerate, and must therefore leave our readers to find and interpret for themselves.

The scene is laid in the main street of Hampstead, not far from the heath; and an exquisite little bit it is. No less delicious is the sunlight which is poured over the whole picture, warm and rich, giving a ruddier tinge to the tanned faces of the navvies, setting a twinkling star on the humble pewter, and flinging cool, purple shadows over the glaring road.

Of the execution of this noble picture we have nothing to say but praise. There is no matter of detail which may not be selected and studied separately as a gem; yet the whole is broad and telling. Mr. Madox Brown does not purposely weaken his background to give his figures force. He strengthens them in proportion to the vigour of their surroundings. The drawing is excellent, the colouring pure and brilliant; and the composition—which, considering the number of figures, might well have failed somewhat—is most harmonious, each passage falling into its proper place and prominence as in a well-ordered piece of music. Indeed, taking into consideration the lofty thoughts of such a subject, we feel inclined rather to speak of the picture as an oratorio than an epic, for it appeals more immediately and forcibly to the heart than a poem in twenty books, and wakes, moreover, an echo, as of some distant triumphant choir, which murmurs a comforting cadence for all who work—"and rested on the Seventh Day."

After this fine painting we rank "Elijah and the Widow's Son" (33). Here the artist, who has somehow found—by what alchemy we know not—the secret of laying sunlight on his palette among other rare colours, gives us the pitiless down-beat of a sultry Eastern midday. The widow has been going mechanically about her household duties, and is kneading a cake of bread for the Prophet's midday meal, and while she is so employed the man of God descends the steep steps from the upper chamber, bearing in his arms her son restored to her from the dead. What delighted wonder there is in the widow's face and eager attitude! What dumb surprise in the countenance of the child, who still grasps the streamers wherewith loving hands had decked him for the tomb!

The "Last of England" (14), a young couple, who, emigrating from

